The Lemon and the Lemonade

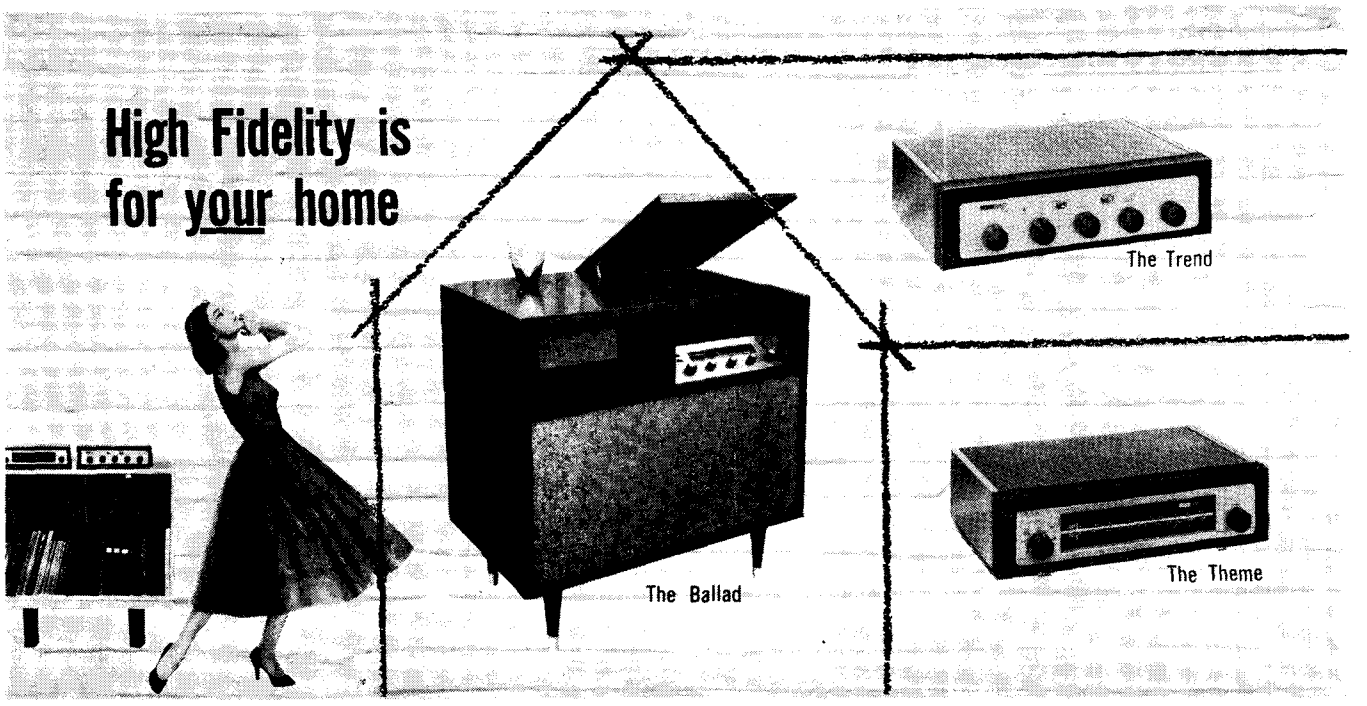
January 24, 1957 25¢

The World of Jimmy Hoffa (page 13)

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High Fidelity is for your home



Because of its early cultist trappings, high fidelity remains a mystery to many people. Some see it as complex, cumbersome machinery; some think a knowledge of higher electronics is required to operate it; and some believe a large and somehow special room is needed for it to perform as it should. These are all fables.

Today's high fidelity by Harman-Kardon is uniquely good looking. The operating controls are so wisely organized that each instrument performs at its maximum in the hands of an intelligent layman. The very essence of their value is that they reproduce music IN YOUR HOME — large or small — the way the composer wanted you to hear it.

Don't consider high fidelity a substitute for the concert hall and its very special aura: the orchestra filing onstage, the burst of applause as the conductor appears, the solemn hush as he raises his baton and the presence of many sharing the experience with you.

High fidelity, in its proper setting — the home — has its own special and exciting values. The music you listen to this new way is created from perfect program material, broadcast or recorded under ideal conditions, and then retold with flawless authenticity. Where many seats in a concert hall provide a compromised performance, high fidelity in your home can be perfect every time.

Genuine high fidelity can be purchased in two basic forms: component high fidelity and integrated high fidelity.

Component High Fidelity: This form presents a system including (a) a *record player,* (b) a *tuner* for picking up AM and FM radio programs, (c) an *amplifier* to enlarge these sources of sound sufficiently to excite (d) the *speaker.*

Because Harman-Kardon component high fidelity is strikingly attractive, because it is as simple to connect as a lamp, because it is all performance with nothing spent on non-performing cabinetry, it is your best high fidelity buy.

Integrated High Fidelity Consoles: Until recently this form was only obtainable from a limited number of high fidelity specialists on a "built-to-order" basis. Today, Harman-Kardon high fidelity systems are available, fully integrated and factory assembled in fine furniture cabinets. These are not mass-produced products. They are the custom-built product of years of research by Harman-Kardon engineers.

When you buy custom console high fidelity you are buying three things: performance, furniture and the cost of assembly. In our models, as in anyone's, you pay for all three. The same number of dollars spent on components would buy more performance; but for those who desire the extra convenience of a fine system in a fine furniture cabinet, Harman-Kardon consoles are unexcelled.

Illustrated Harman-Kardon High Fidelity Models:
The Trend amplifier (Model A-1040) easily delivers 40 watts of hum-free, distortion-free power from the new "Controlled H" circuit and generates less heat than a conventional 20 watt instrument. A speaker selector switch permits you to add an additional speaker system elsewhere in the house. It also features: three position rumble filter; six position loudness contour selector to provide precise balance for your own hearing characteristics; Variable Speaker Damping to insure ideal matching of the amplifier and speaker; separate record and tape equalization and enormously effective bass and treble controls to adjust for the acoustics of your room. The Trend is enclosed in a brushed copper cage only 13¾" wide x 9¼" deep x 4-1/16" high.

The Trend price is $125.00

The Theme tuner (Model T-1040) is the ideal companion for the Trend amplifier. It features: FM with sensitivity at the theoretical maximum; Variable Interstation Noise Gate to eliminate noise between stations; illuminated tuning meter; FM Rumble Filter; dual cathode follower outputs with adjustable level controls. Finish and dimensions are the same as the Trend.

The Theme price is $140.00

The Harman-Kardon Ballad console provides truly remarkable performance in a compact, functional design which is equally at home in a modern or traditional setting. The cabinet is constructed of five ply, bonded, fine hardwoods and is available in mahogany, walnut or blonde finish. It incorporates a 12 watt amplifier (18 watt peak), sensitive AM-FM with Automatic Frequency Control; Garrard record changer with GE reluctance cartridge and diamond needle; ported triple speaker system with horn loaded dual tweeters; selector switch for extra speaker; record equalization; loudness contour selector; bass and treble tone controls and rumble filter.

The Ballad price is $400.00 ***(slightly higher in blonde)***

All prices slightly higher in the West

FREE: *Beautiful, new fully illustrated catalogs. Describe complete Harman-Kardon component and package lines, include information on high fidelity and guides on how and where to buy high fidelity. Send for your copies now to Dept. R-01, Harman-Kardon, Inc., Westbury, New York.*

harman kardon

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Self-Check:

HOW MANY OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU BEEN "MEANING TO READ"?

- ☐ A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES *by Winston S. Churchill*
- ☐ Vol. 1: The Birth of Britain
- ☐ Vol. 2: The New World
- ☐ THE LAST PARALLEL *by Martin Russ*
- ☐ THIS HALLOWED GROUND *by Bruce Catton*
- ☐ A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by Bruce Catton*
- ☐ THE NUN'S STORY *by Kathryn Hulme*
- ☐ DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER *by William Brinkley*
- ☐ THE LAST HURRAH *by Edwin O'Connor*
- ☐ ANDERSONVILLE *by MacKinlay Kantor*
- ☐ THE UNICORN and Other Poems *by Anne Morrow Lindbergh*
- ☐ A SINGLE PEBBLE *by John Hersey*
- ☐ LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT *by Eugene O'Neill*
- ☐ KING OF PARIS *by Guy Endore*
- ☐ SPRING ON AN ARCTIC ISLAND *by Katharine Scherman*
- ☐ IMPERIAL WOMAN *by Pearl S. Buck*
- ☐ THE TONTINE (2 vols.) *by Thomas B. Costain*
- ☐ AUNTIE MAME *by Patrick Dennis*
- ☐ ROOSEVELT: The Lion and the Fox *by James MacGregor Burns*
- ☐ INSIDE AFRICA *by John Gunther*
- ☐ MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR *by Herman Wouk*
- ☐ THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS *by Millar Burrows*
- ☐ THE SUCCESS *by Helen Howe*
- ☐ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS *by Mac Hyman*
- ☐ GREENWILLOW *by B. J. Chute*
- ☐ GREAT RIVER (2 vols., boxed) *by Paul Horgan*
- ☐ SOMETHING OF VALUE *by Robert Ruark*
- ☐ A NIGHT TO REMEMBER *by Walter Lord*
- ☐ THE BIBLE AS HISTORY *by Werner Keller*
- ☐ GODS, GRAVES AND SCHOLARS *by C. W. Ceram*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:

"No, I haven't read it, I've been meaning to!"

Membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club will really keep you from missing the new books you are eager to read . . . your choice is wide, at least 100 books a year . . . you will pay, on the average, 20% less than you would otherwise . . . and you will share in at least $12,000,000 worth of Book-Dividends distributed free each year among members.

THE SELF-CHECK you have made at the left may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read. There is a simple way to break this bad habit, and many hundred thousands of perspicacious readers over the country, like yourself, will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE • Your only obligation as a member, under the special offer below, *is to buy six Club choices during your first year of membership* — and after your first year as a member you need buy only four such books a year. Every month the Club's distinguished Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club offers many other important books as Alternates. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE • As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If you do not want it, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."

THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM . . . WHAT IT IS • *After your sixth purchase, under this special offer, for every two Club Selections or Alternates you buy, you receive, free, a valuable Book-Dividend from the Club.* This unique system is member profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is set aside in a Book-Dividend Fund, which is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given without charge to members.

BUY ANY ONE OF THE BOOKS LISTED

AS A NEW MEMBER AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

Free

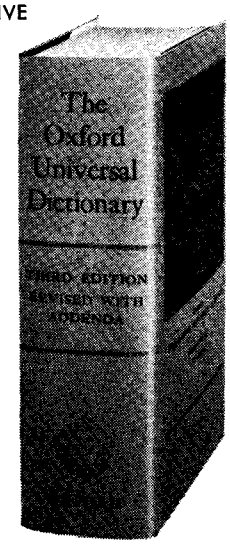
IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FIVE OTHER BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY

RETAIL PRICE $25

2544 PAGES • LATEST EDITION
PUBLISHED BY OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ALSO GIVEN: A NEEDED METAL BOOKREST



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1051A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY, immediately, with the purchase of my first book, indicated below. I am also to receive, without charge, a needed metal bookrest. I agree to purchase at least six Selections — or Alternates — during the first year I am a member. Thereafter, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, with every second Club choice I buy I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection" — or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price — is counted as *a single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

_____
(Choose one of the books listed at upper left)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....Postal Zone No. (if any).....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

In Honor of Sir Anthony

We are saddened by Sir Anthony's resignation, saddened because of the personal and political causes that brought it about. But—so we hope—this is not the last we shall hear of him. For this man who is not yet sixty will have many chances to contribute to history, and certainly history, when the final count is made of his achievements and failures, will honor him.

He made all the right enemies. He specialized in arousing the enmity of the second-string dictators who came to hate him and his country with equal vehemence. We think, of course, of Mussolini and Nasser. The second-string dictators are the most pernicious of that ugly breed. Hitler embodied evil so thoroughly and carried it to such superhuman extremes that since his death no totalitarian tyrant has even tried to mold himself on his pattern. The same can be said about Stalin, though not quite, for the kind of boundless power that was his is inherent in every Communist régime.

But since the March on Rome, there have been quite a few Mussolinis, and two or three of them are still in the saddle, hale and hearty. If the reports are correct, there seems to be a potential Nasser in every Arab state or sheikdom.

The second-string dictators are personable. One can talk to them, and derive from the exchange of pleasantries or ideas the conviction that they are quite human. Actually, they are only half human, for there is a beast within them that can be subjected only with great difficulty to the check of will power or even of self-interest. This was Mussolini's case. The beast in Franco seems to have been housebroken, but it is still there. As long as there is life, there is hope.

Anthony Eden saw these half-human tyrants for what they were, and fought untiringly against them—or at least against those of them who most directly threatened his country. This may turn out to be the major among the great services he rendered to Britain and the world.

Mussolini gloated when, in 1938, Anthony Eden, to save his self-respect, resigned from the Chamberlain Cabinet. Benito Mussolini had fired the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain.

Winston Churchill, in *The Gathering Storm*, wrote what he felt the night the news reached him that Eden had resigned. "I must confess that my heart sank, and for a while the dark waters of despair overwhelmed me. In a long life I have had many ups and downs. During all the war soon to come and in its darkest times I never had any trouble in sleeping. In the crisis of 1940, when so much responsibility lay upon me, and also at many very anxious, awkward moments in the following five years, I could always flop into bed and go to sleep after the day's work was done—subject, of course, to any emergency call. I slept sound and awoke refreshed, and had no feelings except appetite to grapple with whatever the morning's boxes might bring. But now, on this night of February 20, 1938, and on this occasion only, sleep deserted me. From midnight till dawn I lay in my bed consumed by emotions of sorrow and fear."

Now it's Nasser who does the gloating. But history has a way of being right in the end. Remember the Duce's end?

EASTLAND ON THE JUDICIARY

A party pleads
  For its defeat
When it concedes
  This man this seat,

Permitting age
  To perpetrate
A like outrage
  Upon the state.

—SEC

Let Joy Be Unconfined

For some weeks now the floors of Washington news bureaus have been whitened daily with the handouts slipped under the door touting the approaching Inaugural festivities. Ninety crack detectives from all over the country are being imported to combat pickpockets, according to one press release expressing the Capital's police chief's hope that "the record will be clean." Another release attempts to establish even the conversational patterns of the celebrants: "Elegant but simple is the phrase that will be heard most . . ." It promises to be a triumph for the New Republicanism and a special triumph for L. Richard Guylay, the G.O.P. publicity director.

We wonder what it would be like if Mr. Guylay's releases provided some of the really interesting items that might be culled from the newspaper morgues. For example, they might call attention to the fact that the secretaryship of the Inaugural Committee, a post of some prestige, is held by Douglas Whitlock, elsewhere listed as a registered agent for the Arab League. Or that Carl L. Shipley, a young lawyer-about-Washington who is chairman of the Inaugural Ball Committee, last broke into prominence when he described to a Washington *Daily News* reporter the security risks who had sought his counsel. "Some of them were terrible hardship cases. But I couldn't take them," he said. "They asked me to recommend other lawyers, but I wouldn't be caught dead sending them to another lawyer—for fear he would think I think he's a Communist or something."

In the literature put out by

THE REPORTER, January 24, 1957, Volume 16, No. 2. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $9, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FABULOUS OFFER FROM THE COLUMBIA (lp) RECORD CLUB

FREE

EITHER OF THESE MAGNIFICENT SETS OF

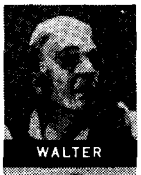
THREE 12" COLUMBIA (lp) RECORDS

if you join the Club now and agree to accept as few as 4 selections during the coming 12 months

Your choice of Classical or Jazz

20 Classical Masterpieces

ON THREE 12" (lp) RECORDS



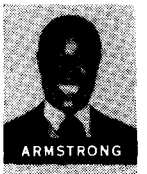
VIVALDI: The Seasons: Winter
Guido Cantelli, N. Y. Philharmonic
BACH: A Mighty Fortress Is Our God. Schweitzer, organ
Goldberg Variations, Nos. 16-20. Glenn Gould, piano
HANDEL: Concerto Grosso No. 11: Allegro
Busch Chamber Players
HAYDN: Quartet in F Major, Op. 3, No. 5: Serenade
Budapest String Quartet
MOZART: Sonata No. 15 for Organ and Orchestra
E. Power Biggs, organ; Camerata Academica
BEETHOVEN: "Bei Mannern" Variations
Pablo Casals, 'cello; Rudolf Serkin, piano
SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished")
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., Royal Philharmonic
MENDELSSOHN: Midsummer Night's Dream: Scherzo
Bruno Walter, N. Y. Philharmonic
BERLIOZ: Queen Mab Scherzo
Dimitri Mitropoulos, N. Y. Philharmonic
CHOPIN: Nocturne No. 19 in E Minor. Istomin, piano
BRAHMS: Double Concerto for Violin and 'Cello
Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, 'cello; Bruno Walter, *Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y.*
TCHAIKOVSKY: Serenade for Strings: Waltz
Eugene Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orchestra
R. STRAUSS: Love Scene from "Feuersnot"
Eugene Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orchestra
DEBUSSY: The Engulfed Cathedral. Casadesus, piano
STRAVINSKY: Fireworks. Stravinsky, N. Y. Philharmonic
RAVEL: Violin Sonata: Perpetuum Mobile
Zino Francescatti, violin; Artur Balsam, piano
PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 7
Eugene Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orchestra
BARTOK: Mikrokosmos: Excerpts. Bela Bartok, piano
SHOSTAKOVITCH: Violin Concerto: Scherzo
Oistrakh, violin; Mitropoulos, N. Y. Philharmonic

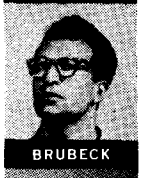
ALSO GIVEN TO YOU FREE—300 Years of Immortal Music
An illustrated brochure containing the fascinating history of classical music, told in terms of the composers.

35 Jazz Masterpieces

ON THREE 12" (lp) RECORDS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG & All-Stars:
Theme from the Threepenny Opera
LOUIS ARMSTRONG & His Hot Five: Muskrat Ramble
CHET BAKER: A Little Duet
COUNT BASIE & Orchestra: Rambo
BIX BEIDERBECKE (Cornet): Singin' the Blues
DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET: Why Do I Love You
BUCK CLAYTON & All Stars: Undecided
JOHNNY EATON QUARTET: Omnibreak
DUKE ELLINGTON & ORCHESTRA: The Mooche; Hy'a Sue
ERROLL GARNER (Piano): Cheek to Cheek
BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET: Royal Garden Blues
LENNY HAMBRO QUINTET: Thanatopsis
WOODY HERMAN & Orchestra: Four Brothers
BILLIE HOLIDAY (Vocal): Billie's Blues
CALVIN JACKSON QUARTET: They Didn't Believe Me
MAHALIA JACKSON (Vocal): Down by the Riverside
HARRY JAMES & Orchestra: Stompin' at the Savoy
JAY & KAI QUINTET: Caribe
BUNK JOHNSON and Band: The Entertainer
PETE JOHNSON (Piano Solo): Boogie Woogie
GENE KRUPA & Orchestra: How High the Moon
JIMMIE LUNCEFORD & Orchestra: Ain't She Sweet
JOHNNY MATHIS (Vocal): Out of This World
McKENZIE & CONDON'S Chicagoans: China Boy
TURK MURPHY and Band: Smoky Mokes
KID ORY's Creole Jazz Band: Bucket Got A Hole In It
BOB PRINCE & Orchestra: Ground Base
RAMPART STREET PARADERS: Washington and Lee Swing
WALLY ROSE (Piano solo): Scott Joplin's New Rag
PETE RUGOLO & Orchestra: Here's Pete
BESSIE SMITH (Vocal): Back Water Blues
SARAH VAUGHN (Vocal): Pinky
VILLEGAS (Piano): What Is This Thing Called Love?
TEDDY WILSON (Piano): Rosetta





ALSO GIVEN TO YOU FREE—A History of Jazz—by George Avakian
A panoramic history of jazz from its raucous beginnings in New Orleans to the latest styles. Filled with photos.

NEVER before such fabulous collections! Take your choice, Classical or Jazz, and get three superb 12" Columbia (lp) records FREE—in a luxuriously boxed, limited edition set with handsome, illustrated brochure.

The 3-record Classical Set contains 20 masterpieces by the greatest composers of all time, performed by the world's foremost conductors, orchestras, instrumental groups, soloists. The 3-record Jazz Set contains 35 performances that made jazz history—*representing every period and style*, featuring the greatest of all instrumental artists and singers.

Whichever 3-record set you choose—its yours FREE—as a demonstration of the money-saving program of the *Columbia (lp) Record Club—a program* that selects for you each month the best in recorded music.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

To enjoy the benefits of this program—and to receive the 3-record set you want, free—mail the coupon, indicating which of the four Club divisions best suits your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.

Each month you will receive free the Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division . . . or take records from the other Club divisions—thereby assuring you of the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment. Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 selections from the almost 100 that will be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed to you for only $3.98 (original cast Broadway Shows somewhat higher) plus a small mailing charge.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY

The 3-record set sent to you now represents an "advance" of the Club's bonus system—given to you at once. After you have fulfilled your membership obligation by purchasing four records you will receive an additional free Bonus record of your choice for every two additional Club selections you accept. Bonus records are superb 12" Columbia (lp) records—the very best of the Columbia (lp) catalog.

Mail the coupon at once, indicating which 3-record set you want free . . . the editions are limited. Also be sure to indicate which division you prefer. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning the set within 10 days.

COLUMBIA (lp) RECORD CLUB, 165 W. 46th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

(R) "Columbia", (lp), (P) Marcas Reg.

COLUMBIA (lp) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 130
165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

ANY ONE of these Sets—YOURS FREE

☐ 20 Classical Masterpieces ☐ 35 Jazz Masterpieces

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3-record set I have checked above, and enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

☐ Classical ☐ Listening and Dancing
☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies ☐ Jazz

Each month you will send me the Columbia (lp) Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next twelve months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

Name.....
(Please Print)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher. Address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia Records dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in the following:

Dealer's Name.....
Dealer's Address.....39

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Inaugural Committee 1957 in Washington we found a letter asking us to contribute to an Inaugural Guaranty Fund and advising us that more money would be needed this year "because costs of labor and materials have advanced approximately 20%."

That makes, according to the New Republicanism, an advance in living costs of five per cent per year.

The Eyewitness

Representative Francis E. Walter, chairman of the House Immigration subcommittee and co-author of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, will have his hands full this year. Not only does he face the unprecedented influx of Hungarian refugees, but he faces them alone and unarmed. "All the administrators of the law wanted to do," he said, "apparently under orders from high quarters, was to bring in a large number of people quickly and worry about who has entered the United States . . . later. In view of this deliberate laxity conclusively demonstrated by the administrators of the Refugee Relief Act, an extensive investigation will have to precede our legislative action."

His remarks were brought forth by these disturbing statements in the President's State of the Union message: "The recent historic events in Hungary demand that all free nations share . . . in the responsibility of granting asylum to victims of Communist persecution. I request the Congress promptly to enact legislation to regularize the status . . . of the Hungarian refugees brought here as parolees. I shall shortly recommend to the Congress by special message the changes in our immigration laws that I believe necessary in the light of our world responsibilities."

Representative Walter is "thoroughly convinced" that many of these people were Communists once, and he has discovered at first hand that many of them have been tearing up their Communist Party cards as they crossed the border in Austria.

We can only hope, in the face of this astonishing intelligence, that Mr. Walter won't run the risk of overwork or collapse under unbearable strain.

Homo Sapiens

The human species has, by common consent, been doing so poorly of late that it would be a pity to ignore its recent triumph over a mongoose. The firemen of a New Jersey community, it appears, were confronted with the problem of putting a wire through a 730-foot duct under the New Jersey Turnpike to provide an alarm system for a new housing development. It is perhaps no tribute to the ingenuity of a creature who has perfected devices to blow up his planet that for this constructive project he turned first to rats. One after another, eight of the rats were entrusted with the necessary length of string and urged to run through the narrow duct, the plan being that the string could then be used to pull the alarm wires through. The rats didn't go for the scheme, though, and either chewed up the string or died in the general excitement.

By this time, engineers, physics teachers, dear old ladies, and other experts were feverishly interested in the problem and volunteered homey solutions such as encouraging a hungry beetle to make the trip by luring it with the scent of butter. But in this age of automation, servomechanisms, and electronic brains, the commanders of the operation turned instead to a mongoose that happened to be living in the vicinity. The mongoose was perfectly ready to run through the conduit unencumbered, but when it came to hauling string, three hundred feet was the best it would do.

Man had to fall back on man, and it is good to report that in the end he was equal to the task. A "rod-and-grapple" device furnished by the Utility Service Corporation did the trick. The mongoose returned to warring on the New Jersey equivalent of cobras, and humanity was reassured that if it wasn't capable of solving all its problems instantly, it could at least contrive to set off an alarm.

What's in a Word?

We will not soon forget, here at *The Reporter*, the last day of 1956. Truly, there was a sort of perfection in that snafu over our cover line: Everything went wrong that could possibly go wrong. The word that was "Gentle" in New York became "Gentile" at the press in Dayton, Ohio. The proofs reached us after most of the issue—rushed because of the holiday—was already in the mails. Moreover, the incongruous combination of those two words "Gentile Diplomacy," as they came out in print, made some sense.

The whole thing hit us particularly hard, since we happen to have a punctilious respect for words. That beautiful Latin word has already had troubles enough, since long ago it came to signify an odious distinction not only between religions but races. Of course we thought most of our readers would understand. But what about those who, after the initial shock, would look no further? What about the thousands of them who were seeing their first issue of *The Reporter*, thanks to a kind friend who had given them a Christmas subscription? Above all, we do not believe that our readers must be taken for granted, ever. And so a letter of explanation was sent.

Since then, we have received quite a number of answers from our readers. Most of them told us that, really, we shouldn't have bothered. This was music to our ears. A few of them have suggested that maybe the slip was Freudian. This, after a hasty inspection of our deepest unconscious, we take the liberty of denying. The respect for words, as we said before, is too deeply rooted in us. Had we wanted to use a word borrowed from the language of religion or of religious prejudices, we would never have called our diplomacy "gentile" but rather, in the broadest sense, unkosher.

ANYWAY, we felt greatly relieved when, all at the same time, the day, the month, and the year came to an end. Somewhat smugly, we felt that we had rightly celebrated the end of the year of the big snafus. Just think of a few of them. The year of Stassen's attempt to unseat Nixon, of the Anglo-French adventure in Suez, and of the U.S.-sponsored resolution against our two oldest and closest Allies. . . .

No, we had had enough of 1956. Full of confidence in the coming year, we turned off the light well before midnight.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK FIND CLUB SELECTIONS PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

"You are," says man to the dinosaur, "but a frail footnote to natural history. Man will go on forever, but you will be one with the mammoth and mastodon."

"There are worse things than being extinct," replies the dinosaur sourly, "and one of them is being you."

JAMES THURBER—"FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME"

Moral of this fable is that "the noblest study of mankind is Man, says Man!" Here's a visit to the wise, witty and always moral world of Thurber, from reality to unreality — from nonsense to the sublime. *Special Gift Edition, handsomely boxed. Pub. at $5.00.*

"The crime had split open a small crack in the surface of the world, and we could see through into the evil that was yet to emerge."

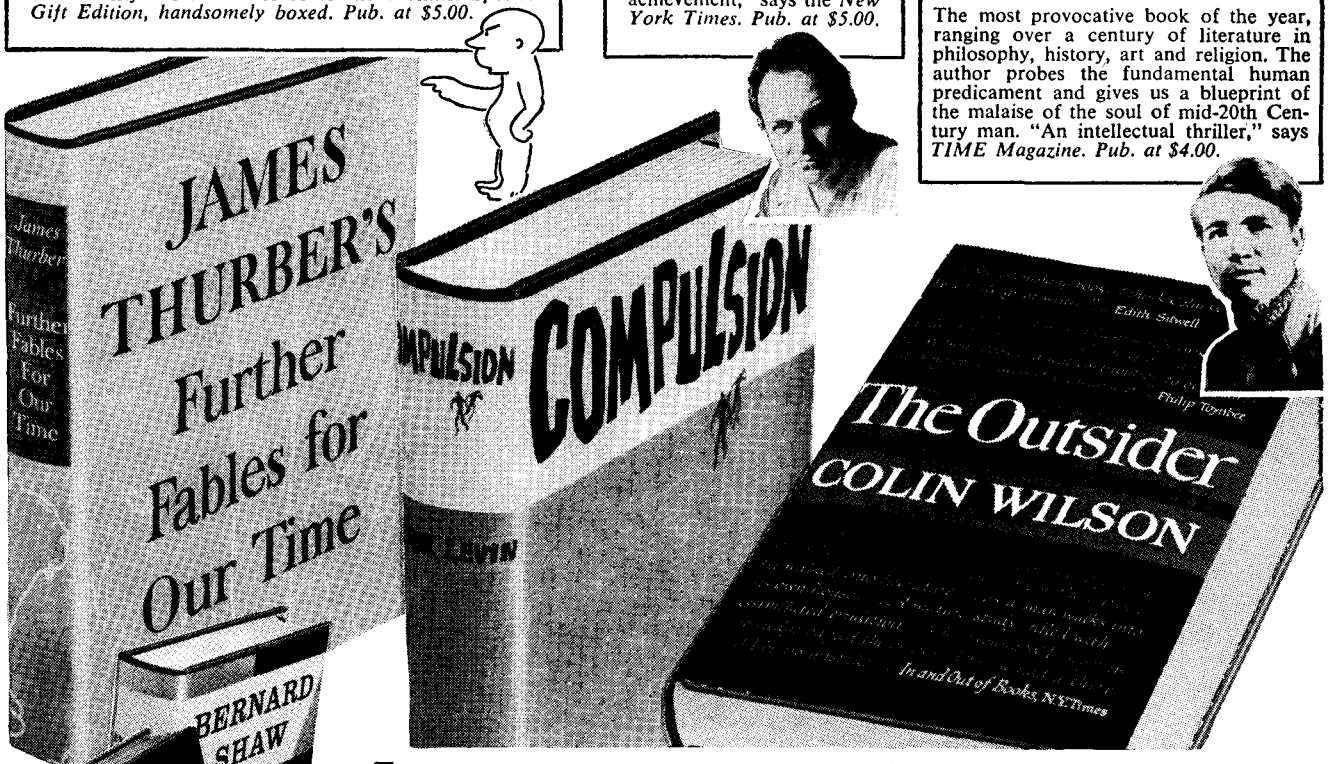
MEYER LEVIN—"COMPULSION"

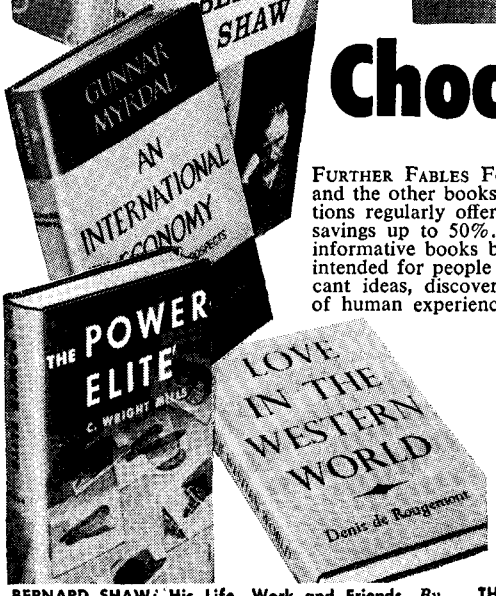
One of the great psychological novels of our time . . . probably without equal for drama and the deepest kind of compassion and understanding. "A masterly achievement," says the *New York Times. Pub. at $5.00.*

"The Outsider is a man who cannot live in the comfortable, insulated world of the bourgeois, accepting what he sees and touches as reality. He sees too deep and too much, and what he sees is essentially chaos."

COLIN WILSON—"THE OUTSIDER"

The most provocative book of the year, ranging over a century of literature in philosophy, history, art and religion. The author probes the fundamental human predicament and gives us a blueprint of the malaise of the soul of mid-20th Century man. "An intellectual thriller," says *TIME Magazine. Pub. at $4.00.*





Choose Any 3 for only $3.95

(Retail Value up to $20.00)

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME, COMPULSION, THE OUTSIDER and the other books pictured here are representative of the selections regularly offered to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB at savings up to 50%. These are among the most stimulating and informative books by the outstanding writers of today. They are intended for people who want to keep abreast of the most significant ideas, discoveries and adventures in every important area of human experience.

Membership is both easy and rewarding. Each month you receive Free our literary magazine, *The Book Find News.* In it you will find a careful report of our forthcoming selection. If you like it, it will arrive automatically; if not, you simply return a form which we provide saying, "Send me nothing." Or you may order from our list of over 100 other books, all current, all choice. And, you participate in the Book Find Club *Bonus Plan* and receive one Free book for each four selections you purchase. Begin your membership now by accepting any three of the important books shown here—all three for only $3.95!

BERNARD SHAW: His Life, Work and Friends. *By St. John Ervine.* The full, intimate story of Shaw's meteoric career—the world he lived in, the company he kept. Spans nearly a century of dynamic history. 640 pages, 20 illustrations. *Pub. at $7.50.*

AN INTERNATIONAL ECONOMY. *By Gunnar Myrdal.* The great Swedish social scientist who gave us *An American Dilemma* presents his views on the economic future of the world. One of the truly important books of our time. *Pub. at $6.50.*

THE POWER ELITE. *By C. Wright Mills.* A thoughtful, carefully documented scrutiny of the new "top-drawer" ruling class of America . . . the men and women now at the pinnacles of fame and power and fortune. *Pub. at $6.00.*

LOVE IN THE WESTERN WORLD. *By Denis de Rougemont.* A history of the "rise, decline and fall of the love affair" . . . its theme the paradox of the universality of marriage vs. the persistent attraction of romantic love. *Pub. at $4.50.*

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BOOK FIND CLUB R1-24
215 Fourth Ave., New York 3

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only $3.95 plus postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated below. I am to receive Free the monthly *Book Find News.* I agree to buy at least 4 additional books during my first year of membership, and I am to receive a Free *Bonus Book* for each four books I purchase. I may cancel my membership without obligation at any time after accepting four selections.

- ☐ Further Fables for our Time
- ☐ Bernard Shaw
- ☐ An International Economy
- ☐ Compulsion
- ☐ The Power Elite
- ☐ The Outsider
- ☐ Love in the Western World

Name_____
(Please Print)

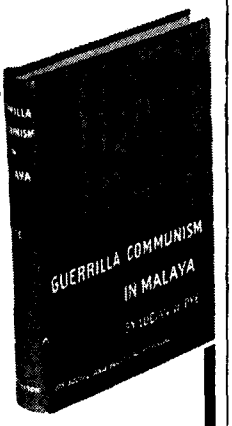
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(Same price in Canada: Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For the first time, a vivid picture of a Communist party in an underdeveloped country

After detailed interviews with former members of the Malayan Communist Party, Lucian W. Pye now brings us a vivid picture of political behavior in underdeveloped areas of the world. He contrasts the significant differences between Eastern and Western communism and suggests ways of meeting the communist threat not only in Malaya, but in all Asia. *$6.00*

GUERRILLA COMMUNISM IN MALAYA

By LUCIAN W. PYE

Order from your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

How well prepared are nations for war?

If another World War should ever occur, how quickly can the United States and other nations mobilize? How well trained are their respective armies? And, even more important, is there a will to fight? In this authoritative analysis, the author carefully evaluates the economic capacity, the administrative skill, and the psychological attitudes of various nations in terms of their latent military strength. 320 pages. *$5.00*

THE WAR POTENTIAL OF NATIONS

By KLAUS KNORR

Order from your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

CORRESPONDENCE

FR. BRUCKBERGER

To the Editor: Let me commend most heartily the article by Father R. L. Bruckberger, entitled "Or To Take Arms Against a Sea of Troubles . . ." (*The Reporter*, December 27, 1956). It is encouraging to read such a forthright statement. I am glad that we have an author who will speak out in such clear and vigorous language, and I am grateful that there is a magazine that will publish what he says.

ROBERT N. WILKIN
U.S. District Judge, Retired
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Father Bruckberger's article was an example of the French capacity for combining moral awareness with analytical lucidity. The discussion of the movements of American foreign policy offered the kind of psychological analysis that is characteristic of the French moralists, whether clerical or anticlerical. The French spirit, of which the article was a manifestation, is still a necessary condition of civilized life as well as a basic source of whatever valid ingredients are still to be found in the "nationalisms" of Asia and the Middle East.

JOSEPH NEYER
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

To the Editor: I was quite astonished at reading the article by R. L. Bruckberger, which openly, and even passionately, advocated taking up arms against Russia.

Anyone with a sense of justice and who cherishes democracy can't help but sympathize with and admire the Hungarians for their courageous battle for freedom. But it seems obvious to anyone familiar with world affairs that for the United States to send an army into Hungary would almost certainly bring on world conflict. Does not Father Bruckberger realize that a third world conflict would mean the possible end of everybody's freedom in the modern world, including that of the Hungarians?

S. I. PHILLIPS
Vancouver, Washington

To the Editor: There are many Americans who see eye to eye with Father Bruckberger, and who agree with him "that it is sinful to commit or tolerate injustice even for the sake of peace." But this is exactly what our Administration in Washington has done. The next months will show if Mr. Eisenhower is able to correct the great mistake he made in siding with Russia and Nasser against our Allies of two World Wars.

ARTHUR FEDER
New Orleans

To the Editor: I would like to congratulate R. L. Bruckberger for his incisive article on the ticklish problem of moral justice in international affairs. However, the means he suggests for maintaining that justice seem to me to be a rationalization for the amoral phenomenon of power politics—that motivating force underlying every seemingly benevolent or altruistic act of most nations. If Scripture speaks of "A time of war and a time of peace"—it is from the Old Testament that our Dominican writer is adducing evidence to support his viewpoint—the Bible also states that "They who use the sword shall perish by the sword" (New Testament).

ALBERT BALL
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: In publishing articles like that of Father Bruckberger, *The Reporter* is doing the country a major service. Dr. Ascoli's editorial is what I have learned to expect—excellent.

JUSTIN BLACKWELDER
Executive Secretary
Atlantic Union Committee, Inc.
Washington

KRISHNA MENON

To the Editor: I would like to draw your attention to the article by Philip Deane, in your issue of December 13, 1956, entitled "Man in the Shadows: Krishna Menon."

While it is not my intention to refer to Mr. Deane's views or opinions, I would like to point out that all the quotations attributed to Mr. Krishna Menon, the Chairman of the Indian Delegation to the Eleventh Session of the United Nations General Assembly, in the article are totally false and seem to have been tailored to suit.

I tabulate them below:

¶ Mr. Krishna Menon is alleged by Mr. Deane to have urged the bombing of London by the Russians. Mr. Krishna Menon never said this and this is, to say the least, a fantastic piece of imagination.

¶ Mr. Krishna Menon did not at any time state to any Latin-American, Asian, or any other delegates that "all this fuss over Hungary" was being made by the West to divert attention from the "imperialist" attack on Egypt. In this connection you may please read his speeches in the U.N. Neither has he ever said that Secretary Dulles's illness was not real.

¶ Mr. Deane says that Mr. Krishna Menon in the corridors of the U.N. went on urging "Don't talk to Hammarskjöld. Come and talk to me for an hour. I have got a plan." This is an absurd fabrication.

¶ Mr. Deane's allegation that the Prime Minister sent a "blistering" letter to Mr. Krishna Menon seems to imply that Deane has access to all Indian State papers!—an assumption on which he based most of his despatches from Delhi.

¶ His allegation that Mr. Krishna Menon, as Indian High Commissioner in London, gave contracts to acquaintances is a libelous statement.

It would be a waste of time to analyze further the tissue of inventions on which Philip Deane has built up his story. For instance, Mr. Deane alleges that Mr. Menon has been heard to make violent attacks on Mr. Hammarskjöld. Mr. Deane also purports to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any One OF THESE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS Free...

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

GREEK SCULPTURE. Text by Dr. Reinhard Lullies. Photographs by Max Hirmer. *256 monochrome plates, 8 in full color, 11 drawings, 88 pages of text, 9½"x12½".* The great heritage of Greek art presented in an up-to-date survey for layman and student alike. *List Price $12.50,* **Members' Price $9.50.**

POST-IMPRESSIONISM: From Van Gogh to Gauguin. By John Rewald. *612 pages, 520 plates, 47 in full color, 10¼"x9¼".* A vivid history and interpretation of Neo-Impressionism, Symbolism, and other creative currents. *List Price $17.50,* **Members' Price $11.95.**

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Frank Lloyd Wright. *250 photographs, original drawings and plans; 270 pages, 12½"x9½".* Ranging over a lifetime of building and writings, this book covers the major aspects of Wright's work and his philosophy of architecture. *List Price $10.00,* **Members' Price $7.50.**

PIET MONDRIAN. By Michel Seuphor. *More than 600 ills., 34 tipped-in color plates, 444 pages, 8½"x12".* An authoritatively definitive work on one of the most creative and far-seeing artists of our time, whose creations have had a profound influence on all modern art. *List Price $17.50,* **Members' Price $12.50.**

A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By Crane Brinton. *Two-volume boxed set, more than 1400 pages, hundreds of illustrations, 8"x10".* A brilliant survey of man's experience from pre-history to mid-twentieth century. *List Price $16.00,* **Members' Price $9.95.**

PABLO PICASSO. By Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartes. *524 pages, 606 reproductions, 44 in full color,* handsomely bound with exclusive cover design by Picasso. A monumental study of the man and his art. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $10.95.**

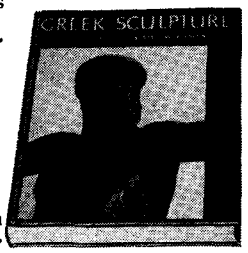
THE ART AND TECHNIQUE OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by Alexander Liberman. *225 pages, 195 full color plates, 10"x13".* Today's great camera artists contribute their finest plates and notes on technique. *List Price $10.00,* **Members' Price $6.95.**

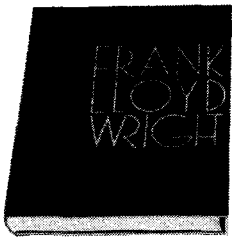
HEARING POETRY. Caedmon's brilliant spoken-anthology of English poetry. Introduced by Mark Van Doren, with readings by Hurd Hatfield, Jo Van Fleet and Frank Silvera. The two volumes range from Chaucer to Milton and from Dryden to Browning. 2 long-playing (33⅓ rpm) microgroove disks of unbreakable vinylite. Text included. *List Price $11.90,* **Members' Price $8.50.**

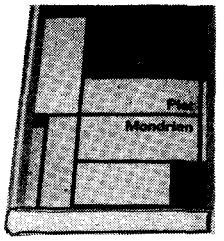
MASTERS OF MODERN ART. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. *11¼"x10¼", 240 pages, 356 plates including 77 tipped-in full color.* Brings a gallery of the major movements of the past 75 years into your home. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $12.50.**

MASTERWORKS OF JAPANESE ART. Edited by Charles S. Terry. Based on the definitive six-volume Pageant of Japanese Art. *100 full-page plates, 40 in full color, hand mounted, 60 in gravure, 35 text ills., 264 pp., 8¾"x12"; handsome binding with protective slipcase.* A great heritage of Oriental art from prehistoric times to the present. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $12.50.**

Please fill out and mail today



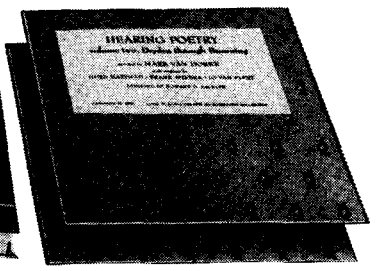


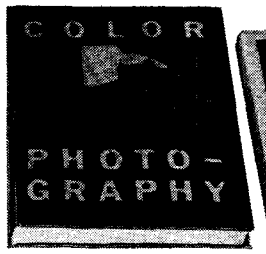


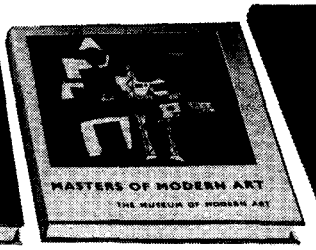
...an Invitation to Those Who Want the Finest in the Arts

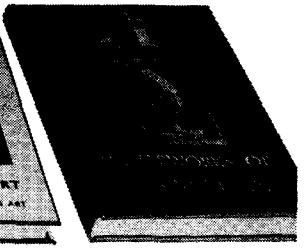
THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY offers you the opportunity to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts. The books described and pictured here are but a sampling of those offered month after month to Seven Arts members. Each, in its field, is the most authoritative and comprehensive volume published. No effort is spared in using the finest materials available. And, we would like to call your attention to the substantial savings which membership makes possible.

For your Enrollment Gift and first selection, you may select any of these magnificent books, any of which you will treasure for years to come. And, as a member, we are certain that the books you receive will find a permanent place in your library and will provide for you and your family a wonderful source of information and enjoyment.









R-1-7-24

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York

Please enroll me as a member. Send me the FREE GIFT and first selection which I have indicated below. Bill me at the special membership price plus postage and handling.

I am to receive Free the monthly bulletin, *The Seven Arts News.* I agree to select as few as 4 books out of more than 100 titles offered during my first year of membership. I may resign without obligation at any time thereafter.

FREE GIFT .....

FIRST SELECTION .....

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

India
...land of
Pageantry
For an exciting holiday — with an incomparable blend of the old and the new — amid breath-taking scenery, magnificent monuments and colorful festivals . . . visit India, now within your reach! For details and informative literature, see your travel agent or
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
TOURIST OFFICE
19 East 49th St.,
New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 8-2245
685 Market St.,
San Francisco 5, Cal.
EXbrook 7-0066

Over 50,000 Subsidized Opportunities To

Study Abroad

NEW 1956-57 EDITION OF UNESCO'S INTERNATIONAL HANDBOOK OF FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND EDUCATIONAL EXCHANGE OPPORTUNITIES

FULL, authoritative information on opportunities for foreign travel and study, in over 100 different countries, including opportunities for acquiring practical experience abroad in industry or commerce. Undergraduate or middle-aged, *you may qualify.*

STUDY ABROAD, the only handbook of its kind, tells how, where you may apply. *More than twice as many of these grants are available to Americans than to nationals of any other country,* by donors in over 100 countries — covering practically every field of learning.

At-a-glance index tells you immediately who can study, what subjects, where.

719 pages. $2.00

Don't waste precious time. Order your copy today from International Documents Service

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Dept. R-1, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

write about the thoughts of Mr. Krishna Menon. After alleging that "Menon got nowhere because the West would not deal with him," Mr. Deane says "Menon adopted an attitude that almost said that 'If you have already decided that I am bad, I will show you how bad I can be.'"

It seems as if Mr. Deane has acquired super-hearing and other super senses, associated with characters in American juvenile fiction such as Superman; that he pretends to be able to read thoughts of others.

It is a pity that misstatements of fact, fabrications, and fictions should be the basis for a sketch purporting to describe an eminent Indian who is in the United States as the Chairman of the Delegation of India to the United Nations General Assembly.

I do not challenge opinions and views based on facts, but when the "facts" are invented, one is bound to complain.

V. R. BHATT
Public Relations Officer
Permanent Mission of India
to the United Nations

Mr. Deane replies:

I admire Mr. Menon for his ability and for the fact he is never commonplace. Being the man he is, he often has to deny statements attributed to him. But I trust the reports of his interlocutors at the U.N.

ENGLISH USAGE

To the Editor: I was shocked to see your note "For Who the Bell Tolls" in the December 27 issue. Can it be the English language is perfect now, or do you mean to imply we should go back to seventeenth-century English? I do not understand how you can advocate that any branch of learning has reached the ultimate as of December, 1956.

H. D. DOOLITTLE
Stamford, Connecticut

To the Editor: I am the "English professor at Bowdoin College" (actually "Visiting Lecturer") so vehemently reprehended in "*The Reporter's* Notes" in your December 27 issue, and I hope you will let me be heard in my own defense. This kind of comment one expects, and can laugh at, in the Chicago *Tribune*. But in *The Reporter*, which I have been praising for years as the best magazine of news and opinion, it is not funny.

In the first place, your quarrel is only partly with me. It ought to be mainly with the ethical standards of newspaper editors. The original story was based on a telephone interview between me and a United Press reporter following a talk that I gave to a group of English teachers; and although I never saw it, I judge that, though oversimplified and misleading in some passages, it was an honest story. But the editors of the country's newspapers evidently had no scruples about cutting and revising it to suit their own notions of what is "news." In particular, I have heard of but one version (I believe in the Providence *Journal*) that included the two most important paragraphs, which read as follows:

"Dr. Barnard said teachers should teach Johnny a few fundamental grammar rules—that is all. This will leave all concerned more time for more important matters.

"He said four points should be hammered into students in high schools. They are: sentences ('knowing the difference between a complete and an incomplete sentence'); making sure that subjects and verbs agree; direct, straightforward language instead of flowery poetic words; and organization of material."

You will agree that the omission of these paragraphs totally falsifies the point that I was trying to make. Perhaps you will also forgive me, as a mere English teacher who tries to teach his freshmen not to quote inaccurately or out of context, and to have respect for facts, for not anticipating that the nation's news editors and editorial writers would be quite so contemptuous of the truth.

There *is* a quarrel between us, however, even on the basis of the mangled versions of the story whose authenticity you did not bother to check. You seem not to have heard of certain principles accepted by all competent students of linguistic science. The first is that a living language is organic and ever-changing, that therefore usage is the only ultimate determinant of correctness, and that lexicographers and grammarians record and do not legislate. The second is that there are "levels of usage," generally held to be three: formal written English; the informal spoken English of educated people ("colloquial" English); and the normal spoken English of nonprofessional people (called, with no implied disparagement, "vulgate"). Language is like dress: The question is one of manners and not morals, of what is appropriate and not what is legal. "Ain't," for instance, has a long and honorable etymological pedigree, and it is a useful word, which I envy ordinary folk the right to use with propriety, as I cannot—simply because professional people do not use it.

But, further, many of the textbook "rules" bear no relation to actual practice, even on the level of formal English. The multifarious textbook distinctions between "shall" and "will" are cheerfully ignored by practically everybody—as any honest observer will have to agree—and no harm is done to anyone or to the language. As for "who" and "whom," even educated people get hopelessly confused. And so on through a lengthy list.

My appeal is simply to honesty and common sense—is simply that we do not force students to join us in the pretense that certain verbal expressions are taboo, although they and we meet these expressions every day of our lives in the most respectable newspapers and magazines and in the most highbrow radio and television programs. We can then concentrate on the *real* problems of communication—some of which I mentioned in the paragraph that most editors did not see fit to print.

ELLSWORTH BARNARD
Brunswick, Maine

[*We are happy to acknowledge that we are more in agreement with Mr. Barnard than we had thought we were, particularly with his emphasis on the primary importance of clarity. But as editors we are constantly astonished to notice how a sloppy use of words is almost invariably the first symptom of sloppy thinking, and we persist in the opinion that college students should not be encouraged to break the old rules until they at least know what the old rules are.*—The Editors.]

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—the greatest minds and ideas of thirty centuries—yours for more successful living today

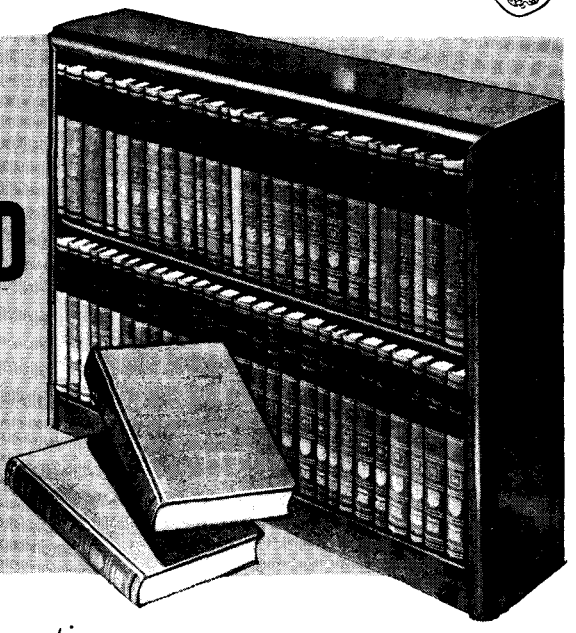
the publishers of ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA in collaboration with the UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO present...

GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

with amazing new

SYNTOPICON

the "idea-interpreter"



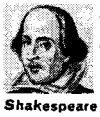
Through the development of an amazing, new literary invention...

you can now master the world's greatest classics—in *just* 30 minutes a day!

Yes, through the development of an ingenious new literary tool—called the SYNTOPICON—the *Great Books of the Western World*, those great masterpieces of literature you've always wanted to read—*can* be read easily—*in just 30 minutes a day.*

No longer is it necessary to deprive yourself of the benefits and enjoyment the Great Books bring, on the grounds that you "don't have the time." The masterful writings included in these volumes—spanning thirty centuries and the whole record of Western Culture—have been carefully selected by a group of the world's most eminent scholars. They are now magically opened for you by the unique SYNTOPICON.

Plato



Shakespeare

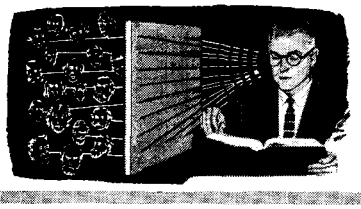
Goethe

GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD contain 443 works by 74 authors—Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Thomas Aquinas, Machiavelli, Shakespeare, Augustine, Spinoza, Kant, Dostoevsky, Freud... to name just a few. Chances are, however, that no private library or collection can boast them all. Twelve of them are not available in English.

These works are indispensable to the liberal education of a free man in the Twentieth Century. To every man they are a challenge to raise himself above the level of the commonplace. They bring you and your family the wisdom and culture that have ripened and mellowed with the passing centuries...enabling you to speak with ease and authority on the widest variety of subjects. You can have at your instant command the thoughts of the world's finest intellects to aid you in gaining greater material success in the business world and greater spiritual and mental attainment. And now with the help of the amazing SYNTOPICON, the Great Books can be yours, and your family's—not just to own—but to live with, profit from, and enjoy for a lifetime. Yes, the greatest minds and ideas of thirty centuries can now be yours—for a more satisfying life *today.*

What is the "SYNTOPICON"?

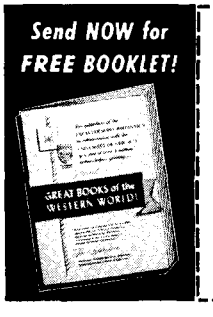
The two-volume SYNTOPICON is actually a revolutionary invention developed by the editorial staff of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in collaboration with the *University of Chicago* under the direction of Dr. Mortimer J. Adler. It is a brand new kind of "idea-interpreter" which enables you to read *in* the Great Books instead of reading *through* each volume, while still mastering the treasures they contain. The SYNTOPICON is an amazing, new "literary index" which instantly locates, by means of 163,000 references to 3,000 topics, the pages and passages in the Great Books which express the insight, the wisdom, and the eloquence of civilization's greatest minds on each topic.



The SYNTOPICON functions like a switchboard, connecting your mind with the minds of the authors—across space and time—in conversation on any one of 3,000 topics.

Handsome brochure offered FREE!

A costly full-color brochure that tells the complete story of *Great Books of the Western World* and the SYNTOPICON can be yours, *free and without obligation*, if you act now. To obtain your copy of this handsome booklet, just fill in and mail the coupon *today.* The supply of this costly brochure is necessarily limited—so avoid the chance of disappointment, mail the coupon *now!*



GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, DEPT. 92-B
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your handsome brochure which pictures and describes GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD and the revolutionary SYNTOPICON in exciting full detail. Also include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publishers*, on your special budget plan.

*Name*_____
(*Please Print*)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the belief that Borzoi Books are for the most part such as will appeal to readers of The Reporter, *we are making the experiment of announcing them in this space in every issue for the next three months.*

If you are moved to buy any of them, we would appreciate hearing from you. We will then see that you receive free The Borzoi Quarterly—*a small house organ which thousands of readers seem to enjoy.*

Our first books for 1957 are

THE SEVEN CAVES

by CARLETON S. COON

author of *The Story of Man*

Tales of high adventure and dramatic findings in remote corners of the world, as a famous anthropologist and archaeologist hunts for ancient caves and the prehistoric secrets hidden in their depths. "His readers . . . will be caught by Mr. Coon's contagious sense of adventure . . . will be amused and instructed by the vivid tales . . . of the archaeologist in the field."—CLYDE KLUCKHOHN, *Saturday Review*

Illustrated $5.75

SNOW COUNTRY

by YASUNARI KAWABATA

The haunting drama of the geisha Komako — a vivid and compelling, strange but unforgettable, woman—who gives herself to a love affair without illusion and with undismayed directness. "Some of the most beautiful and perfect mood writing I have ever read, and all expertly conveyed into English."
—FAUBION BOWERS, *Saturday Review*

Paper covers, $1.25

Ask for these wherever books are sold

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Assistant Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Contributing Editors: William Harlan Hale, Robert Bendiner
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor*, Reg Massie
Copy Editor, Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, Paul Jacobs
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

Assistants to the Publisher: Paul Hampden, Roger Rudd
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Patricia Calvert
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 16, NO. 2 **JANUARY 24, 1957**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

THE LEMON AND THE LEMONADE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

The Teamsters Union

THE WORLD OF JIMMY HOFFA—I . . . . . *Paul Jacobs* 13

At Home & Abroad

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOLLYWOOD? . . . . . *Robert Ardrey* 19

HUMAN DEPLETION . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 22

COMMON SENSE ON A COMMON MARKET . . . . . *Graham Hutton* 23

HOW WE FAILED IN HUNGARY . . . . . *Leslie B. Bain* 26

CANADIAN CONVENTIONS: *'Un Homme Qui . . .'* . . . . . *G. Gerald Harrop* 29

THE UGLY BATTLE OF ORANGEBURG . . . . . *Edward Gamarekian* 32

Views & Reviews

NEW SHOWS: THREE RUNS, THREE HITS, WHOSE ERROR? . . *Marya Mannes* 35

Movies: A CHILD BRIDE, A WIDE-SCREEN GLOBETROTTER . *Robert Bingham* 36

STEREO SOUND COMES INTO THE HOME . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 37

EVEN THEIR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL THEM . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 39

A MENCKEN BLUNDERBUSS . . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 42

GEORGE ORWELL, A CRICKETER'S CHRISTIAN . . . . . *Sander Vanocur* 43

JACK LONDON'S LITERARY LYCANTHROPY . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 46

Editorial and Business Offices:

136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

WHEN you are stuck with a lemon the only thing to do is to make a lemonade. In his editorial **Max Ascoli** says that this is approximately the decision our government has taken. Or maybe this is a rather optimistic interpretation springing from the Editor's wish to find something to praise in our government's foreign policy.

The story of Jimmy Hoffa, the big little giant of the Teamsters Union, was written in a spirit of neither apologia nor indictment. It brings out the most relevant and meaningful facts about that extraordinary man and the no less extraordinary institution over which he exerts an ever-growing power. Our readers may possibly remember what our Editor had to say not long ago about the feudal nature of our society and the private governments that operate in it. Here is a specific instance; more will be provided. **Paul Jacobs,** for some time a contributor to *The Reporter,* has now joined our staff.

Hollywood—and its more or less chronic troubles—is a big subject of great significance. **Robert Ardrey** and other contributors will have much to say about it in coming issues, but we cannot imagine a better curtain raiser than the article we publish now. Mr. Ardrey is a novelist (*Brotherhood of Fear*), a playwright (*Thunder Rock*), and a screen writer ("The Three Musketeers," "Madame Bovary," and "The Power and the Prize"). **Graham Hutton,** economist and writer, brings us very good news: Great Britain has discovered that after all it is a European country. What **Leslie B. Bain** has to tell us about Hungary and the behavior of those American officials who had to work in or on that tragic country during the revolution can scarcely be called good news, but we must have it. Mr. Bain has the unusual advantage of a knowledge of the Hungarian language. **G. Gerald Harrop,** an ordained Baptist minister, professor of Biblical Studies at the Divinity School of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, describes political conventions as they take place in his country. Our northern neighbors, the lucky dogs, have conventions only once in a while. Among the many trials our South is going through is that of the economic boycott. **Edward Gamarekian** spent six weeks in Orangeburg gathering material for his article.

Roland Gelatt is New York Editor of *High Fidelity.* **John Kenneth Galbraith** is a professor of Economics at Harvard. **Sander Vanocur** is on the city staff of the New York *Times.* **Sidney Alexander** is a poet, critic, and novelist.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

Meet a man who reads The Economist of London and you find he's got an out-of-the-ordinary grasp of world affairs—and some unusually shrewd opinions. How to describe The Economist? We'll try: independent, clear, penetrating, wise, lively . . . and extraordinarily readable. Nobody's fool and in nobody's pocket. Quite a few of your best-informed friends (and rivals) are regular subscribers.

WORLD-WISE COVERAGE

The Economist
THE WORLD'S MOST QUOTED MAGAZINE

SPECIAL OFFER to introduce The Economist to YOU

If you are a new subscriber we will send your copies by *air* direct from London every week for 13 weeks for the cost of normal boat mail delivery. Simply send off the coupon to

The Economist
c/o British Publication Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22,
Please send me by AIR *direct from London the next 13 issues of The Economist at the special $2.50 rate. My check is enclosed.**

NAME (BLOCK CAPITALS).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....R.3

* *Payable to The Economist please.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lemon and the Lemonade

THERE is little doubt now, not much danger that this may turn out to be one more delusion: Our diplomacy is getting unstuck. To be sure, it moves slowly and haltingly, with nerve-racking jerks and squeaks. Yet it moves, and for this alone we should be thankful.

The Administration has come to realize that it can best pull its weight in the international community, and therefore in the U.N., by acting both inside and outside the U.N. No matter how difficult it may be at present to know what the Eisenhower Doctrine exactly means, the Administration has made it quite clear that it is considering having, some time, a Middle Eastern policy of its own, free from the veto power of the Soviet Union and the Afro-Asian bloc.

The air is buzzing with talk about several alternative policies concurrently being studied by the National Security Council, several blueprints for possible action our nation may pursue in facing foreseeable or not so foreseeable events. The Administration's pronouncements on the unification of Germany still stress with maniacal insistence that unification can come only through free elections. Yet it is rumored that highly placed government officials now entertain the idea that Germany may someday find its unity within a Europe no longer sundered into two halves.

On disarmament too our government seems to have plans of its own and to be advancing feelers and ideas rather than waiting for what the Russians have to say. Certainly there is no field where action is more needed: The causes that make for the accumulation of weapons are the same that, if left unchecked, lead to their unrestrained use.

Briefly, all these straws in the wind point to one conclusion: Eighteen months after the Geneva Conference our government has decided to catch up with the diplomacy of movement the Russians started the day the Conference ended. Plans are afoot for extending economic assistance to Poland, and maybe to other satellite countries—plans that could be quickly translated into deeds if only the Administration could be quite sure that the enslaved peoples have been deaf to our talks of liberation and are not in too much of a hurry to liberate themselves.

YES, there is no doubt that our diplomacy is getting unstuck. But at what a price, and in what a way! Our country perhaps never had a President so apologetic whenever he has to make use of his power or so anxious to share it with co-equal partners. Lately, his inclination has been to share it with assemblies to which, directly or indirectly, he may bring his suggestions, always making it clear that he will bow to their ultimate judgment. It must be added that here too there has been some progress lately, for undoubtedly the Congress of the United States is far more responsive and responsible to its national constituency than the General Assembly of the United Nations is to world opinion.

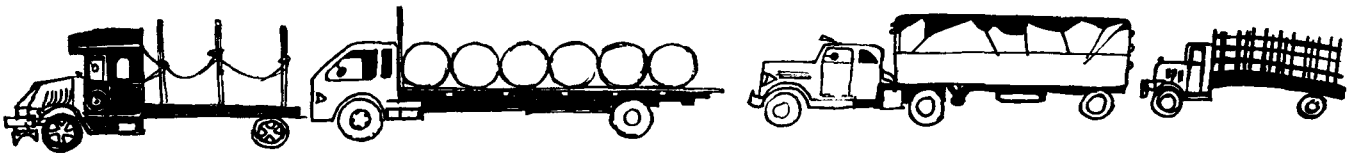
Moreover, while the President scarcely needs Congressional underwriting to exercise his Constitutional authority, the U.S. Congress actually *is* a co-equal branch of government —something quite different from that motley collection of oversized, undersized, and let's-pretend nations called the General Assembly. It's worth noticing that both Congress and the General Assembly—and, for that matter, the U.N. itself—are actually embarrassed and weakened when functions are assigned them for which they are unprepared and unfitted, like the formulation of American foreign policy.

Now, as a result of the Eisenhower Doctrine, we can expect to see new partnerships taking shape, collective or otherwise. Our government will seal co-equal bonds with leaders of Arab nations. Shortly, our capital will be graced by the presence of King Saud of Saudi Arabia. (Attendance at the reception presumably will be restricted to gentiles only.) This Eisenhower Doctrine, with its typical opaque clarity, lets us foresee a period when our diplomacy will be up to its neck in Levantine politics and will put great reliance on the sacred word of all Levantine politicians whose anti-Communism can be certified.

We seem to need such trusted sentries at the head of Arab nations, since our diplomacy, after so much talk of no-force, is unable to conceive of crises in the Middle East, except those brought about and met by force. In other words, we want to have in positions of some responsibility in the Middle East men who, to borrow a phrase from Jimmy Hoffa, the hero of the lead story in this issue, can "holler cop" whenever something happens that looks like Communist aggression. Yet, even if the alarm is sounded, it is not easy to imagine what the cop could do, considering that he is supposed to keep in "hour-by-hour" contact with the City Fathers.

BUT—again—we must be thankful. A lemon of colossal proportions has ripened as the result of our government's labors in the foreign-policy grove. Now the only thing that could be made out of it is being made. It's dismally sour. But if we take it straight, without flinching, it may be healthy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The World Of Jimmy Hoffa—I

PAUL JACOBS

NEARLY a fifth of all the freight that moves between the cities of the United States is carried by motor trucks—eighty-two per cent of the country's livestock shipments, practically all its poultry and eggs, more than half its fruit and vegetables, and at least four-fifths of its automobiles. Yet less than a quarter of the sprawling giant that is the trucking industry is subject to anything like the Federal control imposed on railroads and shipping. By far the greatest influence on the trucking business—in fact, an integral part of it—is the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America, generally known as the Teamsters Union.

With upwards of 1,330,000 members and an insatiable thirst for expansion, the powerful Teamsters Union is one of the keys to the distributive economy of the nation. And inside the union the most dynamic force is James R. Hoffa, ninth vice-president by title but rapidly becoming its dominant figure—and thereby a figure of national prominence as well.

JIMMY HOFFA is a man of undisputed power and, to say the least, controversial reputation. Since 1951, five Congressional committees have investigated him, his activities, or his associates in connection with racketeering, but he has never been prosecuted specifically on such a charge. The district attorney of Philadelphia recently described a union campaign in which Hoffa was involved as "the attempts of the racket mob" to take over the city, but Detroit once proclaimed a Jimmy Hoffa Day to do honor to his "valuable sense of civic duty."

A group of Eastern truck operators have demanded that their industry be saved from him, while the head of a national truck employers' association has applauded his contribution to the "stability and progress of the industry." George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, has attacked some of his activities, and within his own union he is bitterly opposed by a group of officers who claim he is trying to win total control of the organization; but Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters, whose job Hoffa is sometimes charged with coveting, says of him, "There is no man who has a greater future in the trade union movement and in the Teamsters. . ."

Jimmy Hoffa

Jimmy Hoffa is forty-three years old and not worried about his future. "I know where I'm going," he says. "I know what I'm going to do. I've been around forty-three years and nobody's been leading me by the hand."

Within the Teamsters' national organization, Hoffa's sway already extends to about four hundred locals with nearly 650,000 members. "There's only two unions in the U.S. that are bigger," he points out. Yet many Americans don't even know his name, much less the nature of his power.

The Trucking Business

All a man needs to be considered a truck operator is one truck, either owned or, commonly enough, merely leased. Thus, in spite of the industry's huge size—in 1955, truckers carried 226 billion ton-miles of freight between cities, not to count the unknown billions carried within cities by local drayage companies—it is still a rough, brawling, extremely competitive battle royal among small units with a remarkably high percentage of business failures. There are only 2,600 freight carriers covered by Interstate Commerce Commission regulations in the country whose annual operating revenue is more than $200,000.

In recent years there has been a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marked tendency toward consolidation among these thousands of operators, and a growing number of bigger companies are emerging. Yet the Denver-Chicago Company is still the only coast-to-coast freight trucking organization. Within cities, too, the competition is harsh and ruthless as the smaller companies are forced to prey on each other in their struggle for survival. "While I'm negotiating with the union," the president of a trucking employers' association once complained, "the truckers I represent are out stealing my own accounts."

Stealing customers is characteristic of the industry. Not until 1935, when Congress passed the Motor Carrier Act, was there any Federal regulation of trucking at all. More than seventy-five per cent of the industry still escapes even the minimal regulation by the ICC laid down under the Act.

ANOTHER characteristic of the industry is that, unlike many other businesses, no clear line of demarcation separates management from labor. Thousands of operators are former drivers who have accumulated enough capital, or enough credit, to procure one or two "rigs" of their own. If, as often happens, they go broke in the vicious competition, they generally climb into someone else's truck cab and go back to the long, nerve-racking runs, straining their eyes to peer through the rain and fog of mountain grades or baking on the sweaty seat as the desert heat shimmers on the roadbed ahead. If they are local draymen who have failed, they go back to fighting city traffic. Even when a freighter owns his own truck, he is frequently its only driver and, as such, a member of the Teamsters Union. There are no reliable statistics on how many thousands of such owner-drivers are operating trucks, and there is very little the union or any other national agency can do to regulate their working hours or conditions.

There are still discernible traces in the industry of the rumrunners and bootleggers who, during prohibition, were among the first big-scale users of trucks. With repeal, many of these men began carrying legitimate freight, but their methods often remained the same as they had been in the days when hijacking a competitor's load was considered a normal business technique.

Come One, Come All

The Teamsters' jurisdictional claims reflect the loose nature of the trucking industry—and then some. To quote the union's constitution, these claims extend to "all teamsters, chauffeurs, warehousemen and helpers; all who are employed on or around horses, harness, carriages, automobiles, trucks, trailers and all other vehicles hauling, carrying or conveying freight, merchandise, or materials; automotive sales, service and maintenance employees; garage workers and service station employees; warehousemen of all kinds employed in warehouse work, stockmen, shipping room employees, and loaders, that is, persons engaged in loading or unloading freight, merchandise, or other materials on, to, or from any type of vehicle; all classes of dairy employees, inside and outside, including salesmen, brewery and soft drink workers; workers employed in ice cream plants; all other workers employed in the manufacture, processing, sale and distribution of food, milk, dairy and other products; all truck terminal employees, cannery workers. . ."

And as if this were not enough, there is a final clause in which the union says it also has jurisdiction over "other workers where the security of the bargaining positions of the above classifications requires the organization of such other workers."

In short, everyone except real teamsters. There are now only a few hundred men who drive teams of horses still left in the Teamsters Union. When Jimmy Hoffa talks about himself as a teamster, he is describing an attitude toward the world, not a job that involves teams of horses or even tractors and trailers.

A UNION'S jurisdiction is its very life, and the history of the American labor movement is a chronicle of contradictory jurisdictional demands, overlapping claims, and ambiguous decisions by authorities unwilling or unable to enforce them. In this struggle, the Teamsters Union, which has almost tripled its membership in the past fifteen years, has generally come out on top. "What we want we try to get," says Hoffa. "What we get we keep."

The problem of rivalry was theoretically solved by the constitution of the merged AFL-CIO, which provides that its president and executive council "shall seek to eliminate such conflicts and duplications through the process of voluntary agreement or voluntary merger between the affiliates involved."

Jimmy Hoffa, too, believes in the voluntary approach. "We can work things out O.K.," he says, "but it's got to be that our jurisdiction is recognized." Further, Hoffa feels that real labor unity won't be accomplished "until the problem of jurisdiction is solved." How does he think it will be solved? "By fighting. That's how we expect to do it."

A Tough Customer

Always poised for a fight, Hoffa is quite capable of conducting one, with or without Queensberry rules. "A union isn't a social club," he says. "As long as they allow strikebreakers, as long as they allow employers to get injunctions, we'll have to remain strong physically, economically, and financially to survive." Although Hoffa seems here to be limiting the use of "muscle" to disputes with employers, the same strong-arm approach has been used to settle jurisdictional disputes with other unions. He and his staff once broke the strike of a CIO union against a soft-drink bottling company in Detroit by driving trucks through the picket lines and operating the plant. "Muscle" has even been used by the Teamsters to prevent other unions from organizing. In Detroit Hoffa was once identified as one of four men who beat a CIO organizer with tire chains to keep him from organizing an optical plant in which an AFL official allegedly had some interest.

There is a posture of hardness and violence about the man that is found in many teamsters, although it is not always expressed so openly. As a way of life, toughness is important to Hoffa. Once he described to some of his associates how he had put his son, then six years old, alone in a duck blind for six hours with a gun and a bottle of pop. Since Hoffa received his early union

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schooling in an atmosphere of gang warfare and violence, "muscle" seems quite natural to him, something he neither refrains from using himself nor especially resents when it is used against him. "In the old days, we ran a union differently," he says. "We met with some rough, tough guys."

Hoffa was recently involved in a fist fight when he and two associates were jumped by a group of disgruntled union members in North Carolina after a meeting to ratify a contract. His grinning comment on the fight was: "The other guys got the worst of it. They got a few knots on their heads. I can get along." Pride in this ability to get along is reflected in his boast, "I don't have to walk around with no goddam bodyguards."

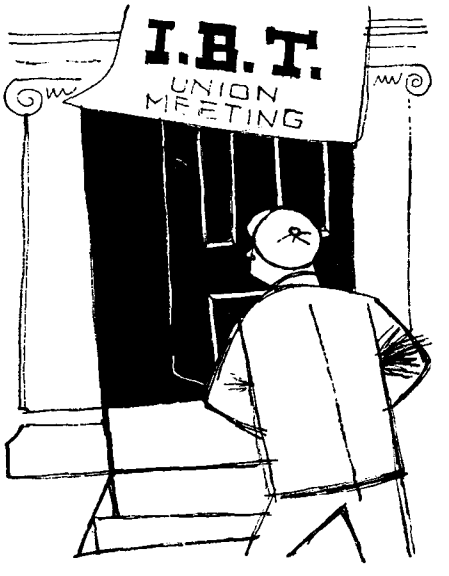
Hoffa works out of a large but not elegantly furnished room on the second floor of a building owned by the Teamsters in Detroit. He sits behind a semicircular desk that he shares with his "partner," Bert Brennan. Many Teamster officials have such partners—lieutenants to whom they delegate some union responsibilities and with whom they share the profits of various extra-union activities. Hoffa and Brennan have been associated for many years. "Jimmy's got the brains in this team," says Brennan admiringly. "All I've got is muscle."

Hoffa's desk is heaped with papers and crowded with telephones into which he snaps orders. A photograph of his two children, both now teenagers, faces him as he sits in a big chair with one foot and leg tucked underneath him. When he walks around the room, which is decorated with a large mounted game fish on one wall and on another a Rembrandt reproduction presented to him by his "Teamster friends in Ohio," he gives the impression of a tightly coiled spring, ready to fly open at any moment. The power is packed solidly in a stocky 180-pound frame about five foot five in height.

HOFFA is always a man in motion. He comes to his office early in the morning and leaves late at night. The three two-week vacations he takes each year are spent hunting and fishing. He rarely reads, except for newspapers, and the bookshelves built into one wall of his office are clearly more for decoration than education. They contain one set of unused labor reference books and a report on industrial relations given before Congress in 1912.

Hoffa is not a man to waste time. Ever since he started working as a youngster to help support his family, he has had no doubts about his capabilities. "I came up because enough people had less than I who wanted more." He is ascetic in his approach to power. "Drinking is a waste of time," he says, "and so is smoking." Hoffa does neither.

His phenomenal rise within the Teamsters can be attributed to his



ambition, his energy, the keenness of his unschooled mind, and his ruthless concentration on the accumulation of power at almost any cost. But beyond all such personal qualities it has been made possible by the peculiar structure of his union, an instrument of power which he has turned to his own uses.

Rise of the Teamsters

Back in 1937 Hoffa was elected president of Detroit Truck Drivers Local 299, a post he still holds, although he never drove a truck. He soon became president of the Michigan Conference of Teamsters; by 1946 he was head of the powerful Detroit Joint Council No. 43, and by 1948 a trustee of the International Union. The 1952 convention elected him ninth vice-president, and a year later, Dave Beck made him head of the Central Conference of Teamsters. From the heights to which he has already risen, Hoffa looks out on a very different trade union from the one he entered as a young man in the early 1930's.

In those days the union's name did not even include the word "Warehousemen." Members were almost exclusively drivers and their helpers, organized in small, isolated, and autonomous locals scattered throughout the country. There was no thought in those days of recruiting aircraft workers, whiskey salesmen, and thermostat production employees. There were barely a hundred thousand members in the entire International. Dan Tobin, then the union's president, believed devoutly in keeping the membership within narrow craft lines.

But between 1933 and 1935 a remarkable change took place in a Teamster local in Minneapolis, a change that fundamentally affected the nature of the entire union. Local 574 in that city had come under the control of a group of Trotskyists, who in the short span of a few years established a wholly new pattern for the organization of Teamster unionism, one that has guided it to its present size and success.

The leaders of 574 during that period were the Dunne brothers—Vincent, Miles, and Grant—and Farrell Dobbs, all Trotskyists. (Dobbs has been the Socialist Workers Presidential candidate in the last three elections.)

In 1933, after Vincent Dunne was fired from a coalyard for political activity, he began to concentrate on a long-standing pressure campaign to get coalyard workers admitted into the local. The Teamsters then had less than a thousand members in Minneapolis, but the Minneapolis Trotskyists had frequently discussed the unrealized latent force of the Teamsters and their key role in the economy. The coal workers were allowed to enter the local at the end of the year. Two months later, a successful coal strike was conducted by Local 574, and immediately following it the membership shot up. An industrial union within a craft international, Local 574 was one of the first Teamster locals whose deliberate policy was to expand its jurisdiction.

Jimmy Hoffa, who had started his

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own Teamster career by organizing produce warehouse workers, watched the successes of the Minneapolis Trotskyists with great interest.

The expansion of Local 574 and its new methods of organization were bitterly resisted both by the employers and by Tobin, who once described as "rubbish" all workers who joined industrial unions. Employer opposition to Local 574 resulted in two bitter and bloody strikes later in 1934. Both were publicly attacked by Tobin, but both were won.

Immediately thereafter, Local 574, with a membership now in the thousands, moved out beyond the city limits of Minneapolis and started the first organizing of over-the-road drivers into the Teamsters Union. The Trotskyists believed that it was impossible, as their newspaper explained, "to have an island of truckdrivers, isolated in one place like the workers of a coal tipple or a woolen mill." They understood, better than Dan Tobin, that with "the trucking industry rapidly replacing the railroads in the handling of freight, the truckdrivers union becomes the dominating factor in labor organization."

Local 574 controlled the truck terminals in Minneapolis and through that control could extend its jurisdiction "by seeing that every driver pulling into our terminals has a union button." Thus began the "leapfrogging" that was later to become standard procedure for the entire union. This process consisted of the unionization of a terminal, followed by the organization of all the drivers coming into it, with the unionized drivers then going on to organize the next terminal.

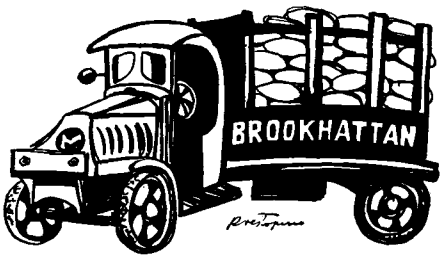
In spite of Dan Tobin—at one point he demanded as the price of returning the local's charter that it rid itself of all members who did not drive trucks fifty-one per cent of the time—574's influence spread throughout the Northwest. It had organized many different kinds of workers and then turned them over to appropriate AFL unions. Its own membership was growing, reflecting the appeal of the new industrial unionism, which, encouraged by the passage of the Wagner Act in 1935, was racing through the country, to culminate in the establishment of the CIO later that year.

To capitalize on this development and in the hope of decisively influencing the character of the newly emerging labor movement, the Trotskyist Teamsters, under Farrell Dobbs, had begun the formation of a District Drivers Council, co-ordinating Teamster locals throughout the Northwest; they later set up an eleven-state area committee in the Mississippi Valley. The Council brought many workers who were not drivers into the union, a practice hitherto confined to the Minneapolis district. The area committee negotiated a uniform contract for all over-the-road drivers. Together they formed the foundation for the four national Teamster Conferences that exist at present.

Back in the 1930's, Jimmy Hoffa was still operating on a fairly limited scale. The Dunne brothers and Farrell Dobbs saw that Hoffa was smart and extremely energetic, and he in turn was impressed by their activities.

Enter Dave Beck

Another teamster with a future was Dave Beck, whose career is inextricably linked with Hoffa's. Beck has come a long way from the days of his boyhood poverty in Seattle to his post as president of the Teamsters. As a teen-ager whose father was unable to provide for the family, Beck went to work with his mother in a laundry. He has been striving ever since to erase those years from his memory and to achieve social status and financial security.



Eighteen years older than Hoffa, Beck had been a Teamster international representative since 1925, but the most important factor in his rise was his work in establishing the Western Conference in 1937. This was his variation on the Trotskyists' Drivers Council. Although it did not become an official part of the Teamster machinery until 1947, the Conference device provided the base for Beck's increasing power, just as it was later to be the foundation of Hoffa's strength.

The Conference idea, all-important in the development of the union, went through several metamorphoses. The Drivers Council had been designated by the Trotskyists to implement their Marxist belief that unions were instruments of the class struggle. Beck, devoted as he was to the ideology of the business community, merely utilized the same structure to increase the size and power of the union and, at the same time, to extend his own influence within it. Out to capitalize on the spread of industrial unionism, which had aided the growth of the Minneapolis local, Beck began setting up locals whose membership ranged far outside the traditional Teamster jurisdiction. These new locals were then grouped into separate trade divisions established on an industry-wide basis. He then brought all these diverse groups together in the Conference. At present the Western Conference has twelve such separate divisions and represents a structure ideally adapted to a union both craft and industrial in character.

Hoffa carried this process a significant step further. Where Beck's contracts were limited to city-wide negotiations, Hoffa insisted on uniform area-wide agreements. These he negotiates himself, fixing terms for all employers within the area. It took Hoffa years to persuade local unions to give up their local autonomy for these area-wide agreements with uniform-contract provisions. It also took years and an occasional strike to persuade some employers to accept the arrangement. He succeeded, however, and has thus consolidated his great power throughout the Eastern, Central, and Southern states where his influence extends.

The only significant limitation on Hoffa's power within the union today is imposed by his relationship with and perhaps even dependence upon Beck, who, as president since 1952, reigns over all eleven vice-presidents—with authority to rule if he sees fit. Like the other ten, Hoffa is given great freedom in his own do-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

main. But the ultimate power is in Beck's hands, even if he often chooses not to use it.

'We're Not Theorists'

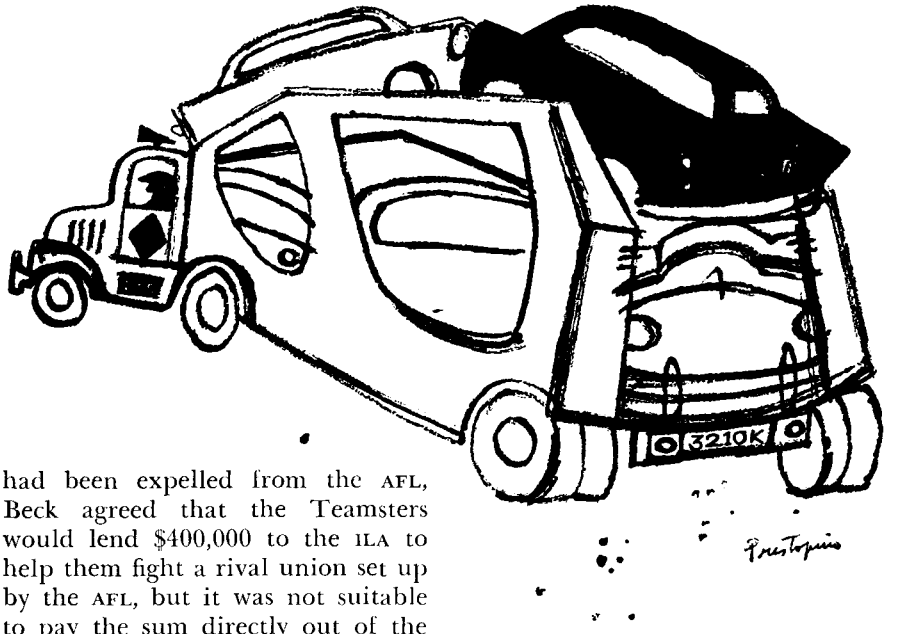
The president has "authority to interpret the Constitution and laws of the International Union and to decide all questions of law thereunder. . ." He alone determines whether strike or lockout benefits will be paid. The bylaws of local unions are subject to his approval. He appoints and may remove all the international organizers. And the president appoints the four chairmen of the conferences, the most important informal power bases within the International.

In special circumstances, moreover, the president has the right to appoint a trustee to "take full charge of the affairs of a local union or other subordinate body," with authority to remove its officers or take any other action he thinks necessary.

There is no time limit specified for the period of such trusteeships, and the trustee, once appointed, can only be removed by the president—obviously an extremely effective device for controlling local unions. Almost twelve per cent of the Teamster locals—105 out of 897—were under such trusteeships at the end of 1955.

Trusteeships are established in a variety of situations, and for reasons both good and bad. In Missouri a trustee was appointed to wrest control of a local from hoodlums, but in Michigan a trustee was appointed to help keep convicted extortionists in the leadership of a local. This was Pontiac Local 614, and the trustee is Hoffa. Accusations have been made against both Beck and Hoffa that they have at times sent trustees to take over locals simply because their leadership had actively fought the top brass. As Hoffa puts it, "We're not theorists but practical people!"

EXCEPT TO SAY that vice-presidents are members of the general executive board, the union's constitution is silent on their duties and responsibilities. In practice, an informal, reciprocal relationship of mutual protection and dependence exists between them and Beck. Coming to the aid of the International Longshoremen's Association, which had been expelled from the AFL, Beck agreed that the Teamsters would lend $400,000 to the ILA to help them fight a rival union set up by the AFL, but it was not suitable to pay the sum directly out of the International's treasury. Hoffa allowed the union's money to be siphoned to the longshoremen by way of his Central Conference. For weeks, he took the rap in public for the loan, never letting it be guessed that the Central Conference was operating at a deficit and thus was hardly in a position to lend $400,000 to anyone.



In his turn, Beck kept hands off when Hoffa wanted a man named Gerald Connelly, who had been convicted of taking bribes from employers, returned to the payroll of a Teamster local in Minneapolis. Even when Connelly was convicted on two more charges, again for taking an employer's bribe and for bombings, Beck did not interfere. Hoffa has changed his mind and is no longer supporting Connelly, but not out of squeamishness. When he was asked in 1955 why he had supported Connelly, who had earlier been questioned by a House special subcommittee about possible involvement in the attempted murder of a union official in Florida, Hoffa replied, "Jerry isn't as young as he used to be. He had to run out of Florida. He can't keep on running forever. If he doesn't stay in Minneapolis, he'll have to move and it isn't so easy to start again."

One powerful reason for Hoffa's support of Connelly was the fact that three other important Teamster officials were closely tied up with the culprit in one of these episodes. All had shared with Connelly a five-thousand-dollar "tip" from the Archer-Daniels-Midland Company of Minneapolis to organize a Teamster local and thereby free that employer from the unwelcome attentions of John L. Lewis's catchall District 50, which had been making trouble for the company. The officials involved had questionable records in the union—one had taken "an advance" of $10,000 from welfare funds to open a bar—but among them was a good friend of Hoffa's, and in such cases Jimmy is long on personal loyalty.

JUST AS BECK does not publicly criticize his vice-presidents in such delicate matters, nor they him, there are rarely public disputes among the vice-presidents themselves. Hoffa, for example, said nothing when the Western Conference of Teamsters, under the chairmanship of Frank Brewster, fifth vice-president, signed a mutual-aid pact with the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, which had been expelled from the CIO as Communist-dominated. Even though there is no liking between the two men, Hoffa recognizes Brewster's regional sovereignty.

Occasionally, however, a conflict between the vice-presidents does break into the open. The attempt by Hoffa to take over the New York Teamsters Joint Council No. 16, for example, brought angry words and participation in a court action by Thomas Hickey, sixth vice-president in the New York area. (Martin

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lacey's decision not to run for re-election as head of the Council has definitely cleared the way for the election of Hoffa's candidate, John J. O'Rourke.) On another occasion Brewster issued public statements that the Western Conference would withdraw from the international if racketeering and Communist influences threatened the union with expulsion from the AFL-CIO—an odd pronouncement considering Brewster's own pact with the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, not to mention his questionable uses of the union's welfare fund.

It's a Business

To Hoffa as to Beck, the labor movement is a business. He talks about "the labor business" and his "friends in the labor business." In the absence of any other ideology, it is not surprising, therefore, that he should embody the ethics of the industry in which he operates.

Last summer he arranged a $200,000 loan to the J. W. Thomas Company in Minneapolis despite a bitter strike that had long been waged against that department store by a local of the Retail Clerks International Association. Asked about the propriety of a loan from a union welfare fund to a business involved in a labor dispute with another union, Hoffa answered: "The loan that the Michigan Conference Health and Welfare Fund made to the Thomas Company was made as a business deal. The strike had nothing to do with the loan one way or the other. This was strictly an investment. We would make a loan to a non-union company if it was a good investment. We would look at it just from the point of view of the return and the soundness of the investment."

Financial involvement with corporate enterprises is not new to the Teamsters, which once lent a million dollars to the Fruehauf Trailer Company. This loan was the basis of charges filed against Beck by Martin Crouse, then recording secretary of a Yakima, Washington, local, which is now under trusteeship. Crouse charged that the loan was made to Beck's friend Roy Fruehauf, then involved in a proxy fight, in order to help him keep control of the company. Beck is still president of the Teamsters; Crouse is now a real-estate salesman.

During the fight between Sewell Avery and Louis Wolfson for control of Montgomery Ward, the Teamsters purchased some million dollars' worth of stock from welfare funds. Although this hardly represented a decisive block of shares in the struggle, Avery, who had resisted unionization for many years, abruptly agreed to sign a contract with the Teamsters. Beck then jovially announced that the union shares would be voted in support of Avery.

Although both Hoffa and Beck pride themselves on running the union like a practical, efficient business, they differ in the way they use their power. Beck, perhaps because of his poverty-stricken childhood and youth, seems intent on utilizing his position to build a fortune for himself and to achieve status in the community. His election as president of the Seattle Elks and his position as president of the board of regents at the University of Washington are sources of great pride to him. Hoffa, although very much interested in money, is apparently motivated primarily by a desire for power itself.

In keeping with his pursuit of wealth, either outside the union or through it, Beck has varied and extensive business interests. The Teamster president's operations have at various times included real-estate holdings, auto financing, beer distribution, and a filling station. One of Beck's fliers in real estate was financed, at remarkably low rates, by the insurance company that wrote most of the union's health policies.

Nearly $2 million was loaned directly from the union treasury to a business operation in which Beck allegedly holds an interest.

The Toy Trucks

Beck's friends, too, have profited from his autocratic control over the resources of the International. A case in point was the windfall gathered by Nathan Shefferman, a Chicago management consultant, and his son Shelton through the sale of toy trucks to Teamster locals. Sale of the toys as an "imaginative way to promote interest" in the union was launched in the December, 1953, issue of the *International Teamster*, the union's monthly magazine. Four models were offered, ranging in price from $14.95 to $19.95 for the tractor-trailer combination. A letter from Beck, printed in the magazine, stated that the secretaries of all locals had been advised of "the shipments of model trucks for the promotion campaign." Obviously there was to be no choice in the matter.

Hundreds of the toy trucks were sold through Shefferman to the local unions at a markup of approximately fifty per cent, according to the manufacturers, who incidentally had to convert their plant into a union shop for the occasion, though without benefit to their employees. The expenses for carrying out the operation were minimal, since the local unions were instructed to channel their orders through the AFL Union Label and Service Trades Department, at the same Washington address as the Teamster headquarters. Shelton Shefferman used Beck's office facilities there to carry on the operation.

Together, Beck and Hoffa make a powerful combination and will probably continue to do so at least until Hoffa feels that the time has come to move onward and upward. For the moment he is content to put the rhetorical question, "Why should I be nervous?" And then to answer himself: "If after Beck goes the boys want me—I'll assume my responsibilities."

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Jacobs on Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Home & Abroad

What Happened To Hollywood?

ROBERT ARDREY

In 1938 I arrived in Hollywood on the first of many writing pilgrimages. It was spring. I had precisely ten dollars, and holes in both shoes. I had never made more than twenty-four dollars a week, nor did I know anything about pictures; but in my pocket was a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to write screen plays for one thousand dollars a week because, a month or two earlier, I had had two simultaneous failures on Broadway.

One failure on Broadway gets you nowhere, but two is quite something else. One of mine had been directed by Guthrie McClintic, the other by Elia Kazan, whose reputation would somehow survive his first production. The two plays had opened ten days apart; each failed, immediately and catastrophically. I had set a record that stands, I believe, to this day. The sensation was such that my services were in instant demand by almost every Hollywood studio. And Samuel Goldwyn, who has the well-earned reputation for buying only the best, bought me.

It was to be a difficult springtime, as things turned out. That I knew nothing of screen writing was unimportant. Within weeks I had turned out a rough draft for a film to be called "The Cowboy and the Lady." How good it was I shall never know, since the film subsequently made bore no resemblance to my story. Also, the studio's immediate roar of enthusiasm may be recalled as suspect, since my screen play's obvious value was that it put to work Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon, both at the time under contract, both being paid, and both with nothing to do.

In any case, it was not my screen-writing inexperience that was to prove my undoing; what I could not surmount in such a short time was my unsophisticated approach to Hollywood. If I wrote the right things, I said all the wrong ones. Shortly, in consequence, I acquired numerous collaborators. Among them was S. N. Behrman, making his debut on a Western. He viewed me cheerfully at our first meeting, and said: "Well, I know of only one solution. You write the cowboy, and I'll write the lady."

No afternoon can be so oppressive as a California afternoon, all yellow and glowing and beckoning, spent in a producer's office. On such an afternoon, when things were at a standstill, a small army of us gathered in Samuel Goldwyn's office. Behrman was there, and William Wyler, and Goldwyn's brilliant art director, Richard Day. There were others whose faces have painlessly retreated into a protective fog. Within days I would be off my own picture, within weeks off the lot altogether. But still I could not say the right things.

Goldwyn dominated the conference as he would dominate, I am sure, the rush hour in Penn Station. Someone described, with many gestures, a scene that in the describer's view would solve our problems. Goldwyn listened intently, I with anguish. Wyler obviously yearned to be somewhere else. Behrman, who had had too much lunch, dreamed at a window.

The narrator at last finished with his gruesome brain child. There was silence. Goldwyn padded up and down hunting a response. Faces were kept carefully lowered, a trick I hadn't learned. Goldwyn came to me, and I gave a sign.

"Ardrey, what do you think?" he said.

"I don't like it," I said.

"You don't like it," said Goldwyn. There was shock, and sadness too. He turned from me. By the time he reached his desk, if there had been sadness there was now nothing but exasperation. He shouted. "Ten thousand dollars a day and you don't like it!"

Behrman, who I believe had been sleeping, came alive with the shout. He twisted about in his chair.

"Who makes ten thousand dollars a day?" he demanded.

"Ten thousand dollars a day is what it costs me to stay in business!" cried Goldwyn, pointing savagely at me. "And he don't like it!"

Fabulous Uncle

In recent months I have come to remember Goldwyn's sad cry of 1938. For now Hollywood is going broke. Something is about to pass from the American scene that I for

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one shall mourn. Of course movies will continue to be made, and if men like Kazan and John Huston set the pace, then in all probability there will be better films than the legendary Hollywood ever produced. Even so, the death of Hollywood is like the death of a fabulous uncle. Weird and wonderful, vulgar, ridiculous he may have been; mean, malicious, magnificent, impossible to live with. Still, it will be a gray sort of world without him.

That the Hollywood we all knew is on its way out can hardly be doubted. In a nation jingling with prosperity, I can think of no studio perturbed by what to do with its profits. It's a far time since problems of plant expansion caused the smallest executive ulcer. Heads roll regularly, to the accompaniment of public statements positively British in their reserve. At a time when, in American industry, losing just a little bit of money requires the most exemplary dedication, Hollywood has achieved the splendid isolation of creeping bankruptcy.

Why? Anyone can tell you: television. The answer is simple and sensible. It can be demonstrated statistically. It has the advantage, in our hurried time, of coming in one word, and the further advantage of being wrong.

It is true that a decisive turn in motion-picture grosses occurred in October, 1955, with the advent of that season's new television shows. Overnight, audiences disappeared. On Tuesdays, when "The $64,000 Question" was on the air, the average motion-picture theater was all but empty. On Wednesday nights "Disneyland" spread its happy slaughter. By December it had become common knowledge within the industry that disaster had arrived. But upper lips were kept stiff. Security was kept tight. A few studios, to conceal current losses, sold backlogs of film to television. About Christmastime, Eric Johnston, the industry's spokesman, partially revealed the state of affairs in a New York speech. Exhibitors promptly denounced him as a traitor.

Soon after the beginning of 1956, audiences began to return to the theaters. There was a general breathing easier. But a thoughtful producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer suggested to me that what we were witnessing was indeed confirmation of the television thesis. In the autumn, audiences would stay home to watch the new TV shows. At the midyear, losing interest, they would start returning to pictures. By summer, business would boom, and by the following autumn would crash again, with the new season's new TV shows, to a level even lower than before. This would be the new annual pattern.

There was obvious sense in the analysis, and some comfort. It was

good to know that every winter, jaded television viewers would start bringing back to the theaters their sprung eye sockets, their curved spines, their digestions ruined by too many TV dinners. Springtime, as nature has for so long decreed, would be a season of hope and rising domestic grosses. Feeling that everything was neatly tagged and in its proper pigeonhole, I left for South America to do a screen play for M-G-M.

When I returned, rather out of touch, I found that audiences, like the sardines off the California coast, had again vanished. But this time there were no new TV shows and no new theories. Audiences had simply wandered off to do whatever seemed more important than going to the movies. By June they were wandering into the theaters again. By August this reporter, a little dizzy with it all, had wandered off to Europe and has not been back since.

It's easy to charge it all to television. I recall that during the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, Sally Rand was making a lot of money with her famous fan dance. Asked to play a benefit, she refused with a classic statement: "You can't expect to charge for it and give it away too."

Hollywood is facing competition that gives it away. But the legitimate theater faces the same competition. This season on Broadway, ten new successes had appeared by Thanksgiving, though the normal number is three or four. And last season was the most successful since before the depression. Why has the theater thrived on the same competition that has so damaged pictures?

There is another paradox. If television is the villain, then it has been a selective villain. The few successful pictures of today are more successful than those of yesterday ever were. In 1946 I wrote a film called "The Green Years" which was, I believe, the most successful nonmusical film of that peak year. But its domestic gross of $4.5 million would rank a film no higher than sixth or eighth in any of these current disaster years.

When the Plague Struck

Is television the villain? One must look back, for the Hollywood crisis is scarcely as new as "The $64,000 Question." In 1953 things had been bad for so long that Darryl Zanuck gambled what must have been Twentieth Century-Fox's last cent on an antique invention called CinemaScope, with the production of "The Robe." There was an eerie quality in the studios that summer. The great walled lots, like medieval cities struck by plague, lay silent beneath the bleaching, smoggy sky. It was early in this stricken season that Nina Foch, out from New York to work in Twentieth's last production other than "The Robe," walked through the deserted studio streets to the commissary and there ran into a friend, also out from New York.

"What do you think of it?" Miss Foch asked.

"I don't know," said the friend. "But every lunchtime when I cross the lot, I hope I make it to the fort before the Indians get me."

The crisis of the summer of 1953 was resolved that autumn by the success of "The Robe" and the return of audiences in a joyful flood. Exhibitors hailed the wide screen as the answer to television. Another of my thoughtful friends, Julian Blaustein, was at that time an associate of Mr. Zanuck's. "I give the new era just twenty-four months," he said. Exactly two years later came the crisis of October, 1955.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One can trace the recurring crises back to 1947, when business went sour after a period of gloomy predictions and Hollywood was accused of being the only industry in America that had ever succeeded in creating its own depression; or further back, to Sam Goldwyn's anguished cry of 1938; or still further, back to the appearance of the double feature and the giving away of dishes.

The Young in Head

The brutal truth is that for a generation Hollywood has been a declining force. Its long slope downward has been obscured by the prosperity of two wars, when shortages of consumer goods channeled dollars into box offices. Shrinking audiences have been balanced by rising ticket prices, so that only in most recent times have declining grosses revealed the true acreage of empty seats. Nor has any industry spokesman chosen to publicize the findings of Audience Research that better than two-thirds of present-day American audiences are under twenty-five. Only the drive-in theaters have prospered. In 1948 there were only eight hundred; today there are more than 4,500.

Some wag remarked bitterly, in the early days of television, that TV in two years had arrived at a mediocrity that radio had taken a quarter of a century to achieve. The same cannot be said of the movies. The ambitious struggle to achieve an audience made up exclusively of children has been long and arduous. It has been over such resisting bodies as Chaplin and Garbo and Goldwyn and Lubitsch, even Walt Disney. But the heights have been won. And the same John Ford who once gave adults "The Informer" must now give children "The Searcher."

It becomes apparent that television is Hollywood's executioner, not its murderer. Somewhere down the long, long trail motion pictures turned, as the theater did not, to the production of a replaceable form of entertainment.

The Missing $30,000

What was it precisely that a great industry did to seal its own fate? Was it simple economics? Did Samuel Goldwyn's ten thousand dollars a day at last turn the boat over? Many of my friends in Hollywood today would say "Yes." It is overhead that is crushing the great studios; it has been overhead for years—the accumulated charges for past misfortunes and present bigness—which has crushed the daring out of films. There is much to support the argument.

I wrote my first produced screen play at RKO in 1940—Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," with Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard. It was a characteristic period of changing ownership at RKO, an ideal time to make a good film. No one knew who owned the studio, no one quite knew what pictures were being made, and no one, therefore, was in a position to interfere. Garson Kanin was the director, and he enjoyed that most delightful situation, a not only free but comparatively secret hand.

It was our determination to make the film well but cheaply. Daily we combed the budget, eliminating this, questioning that. We reached the figure of $600,000—marbles, as they say. But still a $30,000 item defied us. We knew every cent being spent on the story, and that $30,000 was not accounted for. It became Kanin's single-minded pursuit to identify and dislocate that figure from our trim budget; and pursue it he did, down the darkest bookkeeping alleyways of RKO.

Then one day he got the answer, and it was as clean an example as one can find of how past studio misfortunes tend to discourage idealistic young film makers. Kanin was obviously discouraged when he came to me.

"I found the thirty thousand," he said.

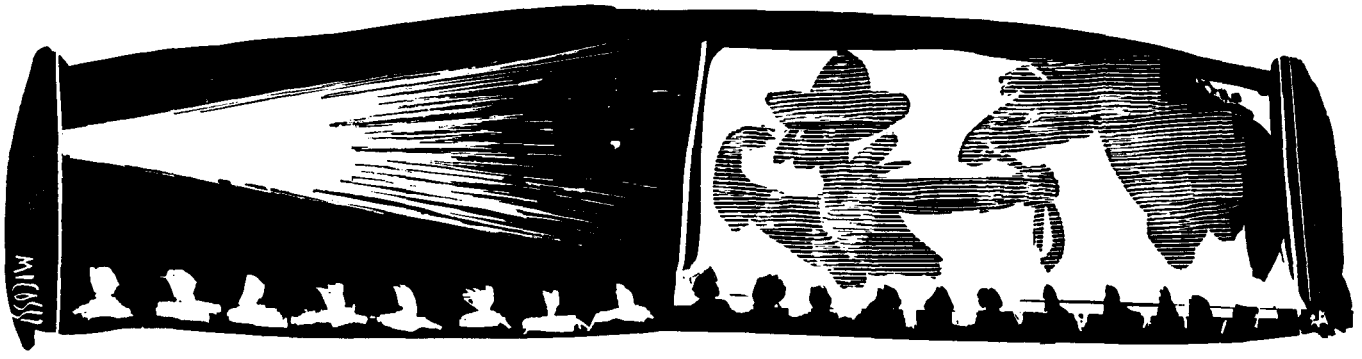
"What is it?" I said.

"Forget it," said Kanin. "It was left over from 'Gunga Din.'"

A SMALL ITEM like $30,000 can of course be taken in stride. But a few years after the war I wrote a gay version of "The Three Musketeers" for Pandro Berman of M-G-M. It was a huge project involving Gene Kelly and a variety of stars—the kind they called a four-million picture in those days. But the 1947 economy wave had hit the studio, and loyally we determined to do a four-million picture for just as few miserable millions as possible.

Berman and I spent days trimming expensive scenes, bullying the art department, adjusting shots so that only one angle of some too-expensive set would be shown. Our best efforts were displayed at a point in the story where D'Artagnan returns the lost diamonds at a great ball. A ball, to be impressive, would require a minimum of four hundred extras each wearing a period costume that could not be obtained in Hollywood for less than $400. One hundred and sixty thousand dollars for costumes seemed a bit steep. And so it was Berman's bright notion to make the scene a banquet. Forty diners would make a most impressive table; and if they didn't get up, they wouldn't have to be dressed below the waist.

By such brain grinding we succeeded in preparing a screen play which, when shot, incurred direct charges of exactly $1,450,000. We were the happiest of men. Of course there was "overhead," which added another $1,500,000. But still we were



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in at $2,950,000, which wasn't bad.

Then one day I saw Berman, and his face reminded me of Kanin's back in 1940.

"What happened?" I said.

"They've seen the picture upstairs," said Berman. "They've decided it'll do ten million, worldwide. So they've put another half million on the overhead. We're in the books for $3,450,000."

IF OVERHEAD is slightly depressing to the creative people making films, it can hardly be described as a pleasure for harried studio executives, or for the unhappy New York ownership always ready and willing to do the wrong thing. For it is overhead that is pressing the major film companies toward bankruptcy. Miss Rand said that you can't charge for it and give it away too. Neither can a major studio, in a shrinking market, charge its vast present properties and vast past mistakes against the few films it has in production, and then compete with the independent down the street who has nothing to charge off but office space and a few back bills from the analyst.

Virtue's Rewards

Even so, it is not overhead that lost for Hollywood its adult audience. It is not overhead that caused Hollywood to turn, through the years, to a replaceable form of entertainment. Overhead, it's true, pays for a Code that supervises, quite properly, the entertainment of an essentially juvenile audience, and which in all probability had a hand in the creation of such an audience. But Samuel Goldwyn's overhead of ten thousand dollars a day, back in 1938, didn't prevent him from making "Wuthering Heights" within the year.

No, it isn't television, and it isn't overhead. To find the real cause of the movies' ruin, I believe one must look to the inner Hollywood—if one can find it. One must search for the mortal flaw which so slowly but surely has brought to earth a legend. And if I were to make a fair surmise, it would be this: Hollywood, the Peck's Bad Boy which so kindled the imaginations of the world's multitudes back in the 1920's, and which still kindles imaginations beyond the continental borders of the United States, should never have reformed.

HUMAN DEPLETION

ERIC SEVAREID

No doubt the fact that the little quarterly slip marked "Bureau of Internal Revenue" lies on the desk has something to do with it, but we can't get the image of Joe Louis out of our mind: the greatest fighter of them all shoving into subways because he can't afford a taxi or a car. Joe Louis owes the government over a million dollars in taxes. He isn't sure exactly how much; neither is the government. And his is not the only such uncertain equation. This is one of the great shocks of adulthood, anyway—finding that even figures aren't exact, but have to be interpreted and guessed at, like a cubist painting. So don't feel guilty if you aren't quite sure what your tax bill should be. The august government isn't either.

Well, there is Joe, shoving into the subway, which we figure he can manage all right, and there is the government figuring they might let Joe have the first ten thousand he earns each year to live on and take everything over that for the rest of his working life. So hail Joe Louis, Federal tax ward No. 1, pensioned off by the government, not to quit work but to go on working. As it is, Joe's tax bill gets bigger each year because of the interest charges, and every year Joe's strength and abilities to meet the bill get smaller. An open-ended vicious circle that has to be closed, like the vacuum in the Middle East.

Maybe *all* boxers, writers, dancers, actors, singers, and others whose sole capital is youth, energy, or inspiration ought to have a new deal from the tax office. Something like the twenty-seven per cent depreciation allowance the oil men get on the premise that oil wells exhaust themselves in time. It's the same with all the above-mentioned individuals; a man has just so many fights, performances, or books in him. The well of his spirit or his strength is depreciating all the time, every year that passes. But he doesn't get a twenty-seven per cent write-off enabling him to pass his twilight years in a cozy forty-eight-room bungalow with twelve-car garage attached, as they do in Texas.

It's all very mysterious. As close as we can figure it out, the effect of the tax system is to encourage the investment of capital, not its expenditure, which is what life is all about, especially the expenditure of sweat, skills, and talents. Under the tax system, additional expenditure of these precious capital holdings brings, not additional return, but declining return. The government doesn't say, "Give and ye shall receive." It says, "Get and ye shall get still more." Somewhere along the line, government got mixed up and decided that human tissues last like iron while machinery wears out like human tissues. That's why a machine gets a depreciation allowance in its tax bill and your nerve ends don't.

Of course, people like boxers or writers or singers get into tax trouble for another reason. Figuring your taxes as you go along has become a complicated business and they just aren't businessmen. Their business is boxing and writing and singing and if they're worth their keep to society, their minds are on their business, all the time. And that's where society ought to keep their minds. They can't balance a personal checkbook, anyway, and in the ideal society wouldn't be expected to. As things are, thousands of them end up in a tax mess. Like Joe Louis.

Or like William Saroyan; Saroyan is one of the most celebrated, and—some think—most gifted of American writers. Saroyan isn't on the civil-service rolls, hasn't taken any government loyalty test, but he works for the government—full time. As fast as he can produce them in his shack on the California beach, his poems, his stories, his memories and dreams are collected by the government. For taxes.

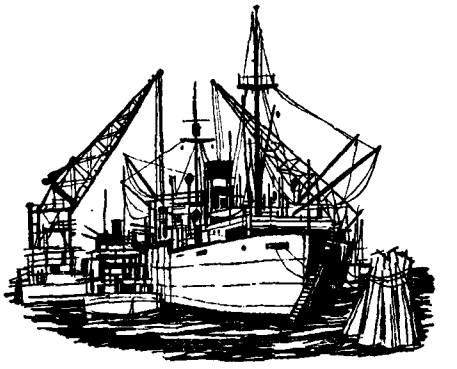
But he has his moments. He hung a wacky, worthless smudge of oils called a painting in his shack one day. The gimlet-eyed Revenue agent paid his regular call, pointed to the canvas and said, "What's that worth?" "Ten thousand," said Saroyan. "We'll have to take it," said the agent. "Monster!" said Saroyan with the best imitation of a sob he could produce at the moment.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Common Sense On a Common Market

GRAHAM HUTTON



ON THE EVE of the U.S. Civil War, the British and French negotiated the first major reciprocal-trade treaty between great powers. The United States was busily protecting "infant industries" for "internal improvements," a course later followed by the new German Empire in 1871. Almost half a century later, a disillusioned Britain, seeing American and German progress behind rising tariffs, was turned toward "tariff reform" and "imperial preference" by Joseph Chamberlain, an ardent Tory reformer.

Now, after another half century, Britain finds itself in a divided, downgraded, Russian-menaced western Europe, stripped of almost all its former imperial territories. (The Gold Coast, Malaya, and the West Indies are scheduled to achieve independence this year.) Britain is also stripped of many of its foreign investments, which formerly paid for one-third of its vital imports. The investments remaining hardly pay for a tenth.

Britain has the most rapidly aging population of any industrial state, which means the most rapidly dwindling proportion of working population. It finds itself, however, still trying to earn—out of nearly double the volume of exports it sold in 1938, against only ten per cent more imports—enough to bear double the defense burden of any other west European state. Britain also has to earn more to support the Colombo Plan, and to pay its debts to America, Canada, and a host of sterling countries from which it borrowed to fight the last war.

Over and above all that, this weakened Britain has inherited from happier times a lot of imperial economic arrangements—such as "imperial preference" in tariff discriminations against outsiders—that "just growed" between 1919 and the Ottawa Imperial Economic Conference of 1932. Thus it is high time someone examined Britain's economic relations with its chief world markets—Commonwealth and sterling area (minus Canada, which has been in the dollar area since 1931), western Europe, the dollar area, and other non-sterling countries.

Hesitant Socialists

Since 1945, some of the Socialist Parties of Europe—including those of Britain and West Germany—have been more isolationist, chauvinistic, and anti-American than their right-wing opponents. With the British Socialists in power from 1945 to 1951, the first fine enthusiasm for Western European Union fell on mistrustful ears in British Labour Party circles. It was one thing for the late Ernest Bevin, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to seize on General Marshall's imaginative words at Harvard in June, 1947, fly to Paris, and help to build the European Recovery Program, the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, and the European Payments Union—the essential economic foundation for European recovery. American money was financing all that. On the other hand, whenever Britain's near neighbors on the Continent put up equally imaginative ideas for "a more perfect union" in a weakened western Europe, it was the British Socialists who turned coy, who "dragged their feet," as an American Senator put it. What? Throw the sterling-shielded, highly protected trade unions—and their equally protected employers—open to competition from, say, the shipbuilders of Rotterdam or a renascent Hamburg? To a man, British Socialist leaders up to 1951—and many of them ever since—strongly opposed joining any kind of European union for any political or economic purpose.

Oddly enough, they came into NATO as easily as into the OEEC, and for the same reason. Both were means of strengthening Europe's and Britain's defense and economy by siphoning dollars into Europe. But when it came to the French-sponsored defense community, to the European Coal and Steel Community, and to the first dim projects for a west European economic union, or "common market," with a common political superstructure to run it, British Socialists shrank back.

It is only right to add that at the time, a lot of Tory businessmen did too. The hangover in thinking from the earlier decades of the century was too strong. British eyes still peered across the seas to the great names of a vanished era: India, the Far East, Australia, Canada, the colonies, the Commonwealth of freely associated (but somehow not very united or effective) "British" nations—the rickety "sterling area" with its funny kinds of sterling and its equally funny financiers' tricks for evading controls.

The Myths Survive the Paradoxes

Bemused by all this, Britons saw paradoxes occur in British politics: Socialists, vehement opponents of Neville Chamberlain's Ottawa duties of 1932 (the famous "imperial preferences" on Commonwealth goods imported into a Commonwealth country) now became staunch upholders of them; while Chamberlain's own Conservative Party now began to doubt their long-run effectiveness. Tory employers were hardened to uninterrupted inflation, which reduces annually the effective preference on imported Commonwealth goods. They were also well protected by postwar controls and the new sterling debts, which could only be repaid by exports of British manufacturers. The Socialists, who were the real planners of uninterrupted inflation as a policy to secure unin

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrupted boom and full employment, hugged the imperial connection to their breasts more as an alibi against involvement in continental European economic unity than as anything economically vital to Britain in itself.

Indeed, with the Commonwealth countries industrializing as rapidly as they could and with independent Dominions growing fast, Britain's gains from the 1932 imperial preferences were becoming more and more dubious. They certainly weren't an economic disadvantage, but they hardly constituted a great advantage either. Since Britain was still the biggest market in the world for imports, the overwhelming majority of the Commonwealth exporters of these basic products had much to gain from the preferential rates given them in the British market.

Moreover, the sterling area was thus kept going—by the continuous piling up of the Commonwealth countries' sterling earnings in London. British exporters of manufactures were also kept going—by the inability of the Commonwealth countries to convert all their sterling earnings into dollars, marks, or other hard currencies. Each had to take a share of the *total* dollar earnings of the entire sterling area; and, as there were never enough dollars to go around for what Europe or the sterling-area countries wanted to buy, a handsome annual sterling balance always remained. This could only be spent on manufactures from Britain.

The system pleased everybody except those who wanted more dollars. The thing to notice is that the myths remained: The sterling area as well as the United Kingdom clung to imperial preferences and their mutual sterling trade without re-examining their nature.

Between Two Schools

Meanwhile, the Americans, with one foot in the nineteenth century and the other in the twentieth, urgently supported the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), spurred Europe on to closer political and economic union, scolded the reluctant British, and re-erected West Germany and (in company with the British) defended it at formidable cost. However, in spite of their imaginative and generous ERP, American leaders never saw that their nineteenth-century foot was still lodged in the high tariffs, difficult customs schedules, lack of private lending abroad, and unwillingness to throw open certain U.S. trades or occupations to foreign competition by allowing bigger imports of other nations' products (watches, bicycles, ships, and so forth).

This played havoc with Lord Keynes's last economic essay, in which he valiantly declared that the trading world would not have to suffer any dollar shortage in the long run. On the contrary, Britain's and western Europe's dollar gap reopened as the U.S. military-aid program under NATO for offshore procurement and other adventitious transfusions of dollars into Europe dwindled. The dependence of recovered western Europe on Middle Eastern oil emerged into clarity, and the Point Four, Colombo, and U.N. plans for economic development of Asia and Africa threw up bigger and bigger demands for dollars and sterling for long-term investment purposes overseas.

BY THIS TIME the Tories were in power, the French were in grave military and economic disarray, and the German economy was roaring triumphantly along. The European clearinghouse for balances of payments among nations known as the European Payments Union (EPU) was badly out of balance (in the German favor, and to the British and French disadvantage), and both the Coal and Steel Community and Benelux were proven successes.

The French-sponsored European Defense Community had been thrown overboard in 1954 by the National Assembly, but at any rate "a more perfect union" was in the air. It was being made more and more evident that a weak western Europe could be at the mercy of an economically mighty, fully recovered, dynamic Germany.

The Six Take the Lead

In throwing European union overboard, the French disqualified themselves from leadership. In maintaining a mythical insulation from the Continent in political and economic affairs, the British had also disqualified themselves. It was amid this despair of any French or British lead that Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium and a few other imaginative leaders from West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, and Italy met at Messina in June, 1955, to draft proposals for a common west European market, i.e., a customs union of the Six. Grafted onto these proposals was a plan for a common body to develop atomic energy for peaceful purposes, known as Euratom.

In little over a year, the drafters achieved a surprising amount of agreement. At least, it surprised British Tory leaders. They, meanwhile, had run into the Middle Eastern and Suez crises, which menaced Britain's economy as it had never been menaced in peacetime since the Industrial Revolution.

To do the Tory leaders justice, they had viewed their Socialist opponents' rejection of any association with the Coal and Steel Community of the Six with some alarm. They had viewed with much alarm the industrial resurgence of a Germany comparatively free of defense taxes and therefore able to invest in productive equipment more than double what burdened Britain could afford. With ominous memories of the 1920's, the Tory leaders had seen the German share of world trade rising remorselessly, while the British (and even the American) share fell uninterruptedly after 1951.

The able President of the Board of Trade, Peter Thorneycroft, took the lead in a proposal to "associate" Britain with the "common market" of the Six. The trade unions were told bluntly the meaning of the writing on the wall. Spurred by Suez and its threat to Britain's well-being, British employers and trade-union leaders approved it "with due safeguards." Economists stoutly supported it.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most surprisingly, not one Socialist leader condemned it. On November 26 the government announced its decision to go forward with the plan, and the most important single economic event since the imperial preferences of Ottawa in 1932 was under way. Driven by events, Britain was backtracking from Ottawa to join Europe.

THE PAPER WORK to associate Britain with the Six in a "European Free Trade Area" is going rapidly forward. But several questions remain. For example: The Six—and Britain—envision the complete Free Trade Area coming into being gradually over ten to fifteen years, with seven or more national tariffs coming into line bit by bit. Then, as we all saw with the European Coal and Steel Community of the Six, which is not yet uniform in application in each member nation, there will be special cases needing special treatment in different countries. Again, the goal is a real customs union for the Six—one common tariff, if any, against all goods coming into the Six, but none at all among the Six themselves. Yet Britain needs to be allowed to except farm products and some other raw materials interesting to Commonwealth exporters from the goods it is willing to admit duty-free from the Six while requesting that *all* its own exports of manufactures be allowed into the Six on equal terms with those from any of the Six themselves.

Then again, Britain wants to remain free to admit into Britain goods from outsiders (such as Canada) without necessarily having to charge the same duties on them as the Six charge for entry into their customs union. Then there is the matter of the sterling area's heavy exports to the Six—mainly food and raw materials—while only Britain can be a member. Where will Australia, India, and the rest stand?

Next there is GATT—though it expressly provides for such customs unions between contiguous or like-minded states. And behind GATT, as behind the International Monetary Fund, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and other international institutions, stands the United States. Even when full agreement is reached among the Six—and with Britain and the Commonwealth, and perhaps the Scandinavians and Swiss—the eventual common market and European Free Trade Area will have to be steered past GATT and the United States.

This is not to say that either of them would be foolish enough to sink the biggest and best project for European Union ever seen, but it is to say that there are obstacles.

Rights and Rituals

In western Europe there is a market of 250 million highly skilled, well-educated, healthy, intelligent souls, already half knit together for defense. NATO, however, is politically and economically ill designed. But America has huge strategic and financial investments in it, and it would be a gratuitous boon to Communism to let NATO totter and collapse for want of an underpinning that Europeans alone can provide. Finally, the one imaginable source of strength for free enterprise, competitive efficiency, and antimonopoly statism in Europe—including Britain—lies in the Free Trade Area idea. The cost of clearing away protective devices and other cobwebs of fiscal fabrication in Europe and Britain ought to be borne by Europeans. They must be prepared to face economic upheavals in old vested interests, over ten to fifteen years. The bitter and humiliating events of the past six months may well make free traders out of a pack of little nations that, since the Second World War, have behaved like scared kids in a graveyard, performing odd rituals to keep their courage up. The European Free Trade Area and Euratom are big, long-term jobs.

Other GATT nations, the United States and others outside Europe—such as India—must be prepared to see their trade slightly realigned. Britain may not be able to win assent from the Six to its plea to let everyone else's manufactures or raw materials into Britain at a low duty while the Six have a common tariff against those same non-European goods. Since these non-European goods might be better than the goods made inside the Six, free trade, with its benefits of competition and division of labor, might possibly meet opposition from the European common market.

Another thing—dreadful to the British—must also be faced. If the common market came into being without Britain in association with it, Germany would dominate it economically. The thirteen per cent of Britain's manufactures exported to the Six at present might vanish; and Germany would fill that gap very profitably. That would play havoc with British, NATO, and therefore American diplomacy, strategy, and politics—as well as with full employment in the cities of Britain.

BETWEEN Tory agricultural voters fearful for their buffers against foreign foodstuffs, city Socialist workers fearful for their full employment in the manufacture of exports, and the Commonwealth countries fearful for the British market for imported foods and other goods under imperial preferences, the Tory government has a tricky course to steer. Add its own fears for the future of the British and European economy, for defense, for future oil and coal supplies, and for the buttressing of sterling, and you have a fair measure of the government's concern with the European common market and Britain's need to associate with it.

It is not too much to say that today, for the first time in more than a century, the British have really begun to think as Europeans. If the Suez and oil debacles and the shock of American and Canadian nonsupport have achieved nothing else of any good, they have performed no mean feat in accomplishing what American planners, policymakers, politicians, and philanthropists have vainly striven to bring about for a decade.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Failed In Hungary

LESLIE B. BAIN

Before the Hungarian revolution the United States was the foremost advocate of rolling back the Soviets and freeing Soviet-dominated peoples. But when the Hungarians rebelled, U.S. officials in Budapest and Washington were caught utterly unprepared, with little or no background that would help them to evaluate either the protagonists or the tragic developments of the revolution.

Last June, I had tried to persuade the officials of the U.S. Legation to establish contact with the Hungarian revolutionary movement, even though some of its leaders were Communists or former Communists. My argument was that these intellectuals who were playing leading roles in the movement would be willing, even eager, to follow a genuinely democratic path. "Anyway," I said, "these men are about to lead a revolt. Why not make them our friends?"

But nothing I could say would convince our officials, not even to the extent of meeting these Hungarians socially and learning something about their thinking. The fact that I had met with them and invited a number of them for a weekend discussion made me slightly suspect.

Three days before the revolution broke out, I left urgent messages at the Legation for Jordan T. Rogers, the first secretary, and Anton Nyerges, a press officer who spoke Hungarian and had relatives in the country. I wanted them to get in touch with me as soon as they were back from the country, where they were spending their weekend. The student meeting at Szeged, the second largest city in Hungary, on Sunday, October 20, had led me to believe that the explosion was at hand.

Question After Question

The revolution was barely thirteen hours old when I again dropped in at the Legation. Everyone was in the telex room: N. Spencer Barnes, the chargé d'affaires, a cautious, nervous man, was questioning everyone. They were all talking except the first secretary, efficient and quick, who was sitting at the typewriter. Nyerges was hovering about trying to keep track of conversations in all parts of the room.

Question after question poured in from Washington about the events and significance of the evolving Hungarian situation, and not a single Legation official was in a position to answer them. Of course, they sent off answers, gleaned from the Hungarian radio and from people with whom they maintained contact. From this select group the revolutionary leaders were distinctly excluded. Most officials of the U.S. Legation had never heard of the people who were leading the revolt, or if they had, their information was highly biased and third-hand.

Typical of this situation was the treatment George Lukács, a recently rehabilitated professor of Marxist ethics, received from Legation officials. In June, I had told the first secretary and Nyerges that Lukács was the intellectual leader of the ferment and that he was attacking Marxism and Leninism with telling effect. Both warned me against Lukács, who, although jailed and then rehabilitated by the Reds, was still on the black list of the Legation.

When the revolution broke, students and intellectuals flocked to Lukács begging him to take a part in Imre Nagy's new government. When he did, one Legation official commented sourly, "How can you estimate that – – – –? He was and still is a – – – – in my book."

Only those Hungarians were consulted whose views were "acceptable," and if any others showed up at the Legation the Marines nervously kept them outside the gates. Americans were also affected by the precautions, although soon after the re-entry of Soviet forces into Budapest on November 4, all our citizens who sought protection at the Legation were admitted. But not to see the officials. Any of the U.S. citizens sheltered in the Legation who wanted to leave the first floor to transact business or try to talk to someone on any of the three floors above was required to have not only his American passport and other credentials but also an official escort.

Conference with the Cardinal

There were a number of curious incidents during the second part of the revolution that threw a sharp light on the thinking of the officials at the Legation. John MacCormac of the New York *Times* and Seymour Freidin of the New York *Post*, two respected and reliable newspapermen, tangled a number of times with officials. As a direct upshot of their activities, a Legation official within my hearing described both of them as "anti-American."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The truth of the matter was that very few of us in Budapest had much good to say about the behavior of the American Legation, particularly in view of the activities of other ambassadors and ministers who openly defied the Russians to help Hungarians.

The hero of the entire diplomatic corps was the Austrian Ambassador, who went about Budapest during the heaviest fighting, passing out much-needed food and medicines from the embassy stores. Other diplomats opened their gates to a wide variety of people and offered them asylum. The American Legation seemed to have exhausted itself by extending its hospitality to Cardinal Mindszenty.

THE CARDINAL, soon after arriving at the Legation, agreed to meet the press. This was a press conference, as distinct from the several interviews I had had with him, but the reporters did not use the material they got from the Cardinal; out of a sense of responsibility they decided that it might be imprudent to relay the views set forth at the American Legation by such an important Hungarian leader.

During this conference, with Nyerges translating for the Cardinal, an incident occurred that went a long way toward explaining the American attitude toward Hungarian politics. Henry Giniger of the New York *Times* responded to the Cardinal's statement: "There is no question about returning to the prewar Hungarian system of government" with "You mean the prewar fascist régime?"

Nyerges, without translating the question, quickly told Giniger that there had been no fascism in Hungary then. Giniger rephrased his question: "You mean prewar feudalism?" Nyerges continued to give Giniger a quick lesson in Hungarian politics by insisting, without translating the question for the Cardinal or letting him answer it, that Hungary had not been a feudal state before the war. Giniger finally dropped the matter.

'We Never Meet . . .'

As many newspapermen knew, the Legation was in the business of purveying its views and interpretation of Hungarian events to visiting reporters. Those who accepted them were favored and much courted; those who insisted on independent investigation were frowned upon, particularly if what they found was not quite what the Legation wanted them to find.

This ivory-tower atmosphere led to Eric Johnston's amusing experience in Budapest. Johnston arrived there last summer to negotiate a motion-picture agreement with the Hungarians. As was customary with people of his high standing, the Legation wanted to give a cocktail party in his honor. Johnston assented and gave the Legation a list of leading Hungarian educators, artists, and officials whom he wanted to invite. The Legation officials were flabbergasted. Finally one of them said, "But Mr. Johnston, we never meet these people socially."

Imre Nagy

Diplomats of foreign countries—except the Americans—were constantly in touch with the revolutionary government. This strange discretion went so far that our Minister, Edward T. Wailes, had to be prodded into joining the British and French protests about Soviet forces preventing foreign newspapermen from leaving the country.

AFTER the re-entry of the Soviet forces November 4, we American journalists found shelter for a few days at the Legation. During these days many Hungarians came to the gate bringing news, proclamations, and appeals, and asked that they be relayed through the American press. As I speak Hungarian, the Marines often called me to talk to people at the gate. Following established protocol, after reading the messages, I relayed them to Nyerges, asking him to have them translated and distributed among the newspapermen. Some of the appeals were important to us, particularly in view of the tremendous amount of misinformation and distortion that appeared in the West.

I thus relayed nearly twenty appeals and messages. None was distributed to the press. I argued, demanded, insisted—to no avail. One, signed by the Organization of Hungarian Mothers, was particularly moving and newsworthy. But after turning it over to Legation officials, I never saw it again.

One day, while talking to Barnes, I glanced at his desk and saw several mimeographed sheets—translated excerpts from appeals and messages received by me the previous day at the Legation gate. Evidently the stuff was considered "Top secret," not to be trusted to the lowly newspapermen to whom most of the appeals were addressed.

I MUST MAKE exceptions in my criticism: The wives of the American diplomats were truly doing their courteous, efficient best to provide food and comfort for the fifty-odd people who took refuge at the Legation for nearly a week. Also, Colonel James C. Todd, the Army attaché, was helpful and obliging.

The War in the Air

If the sins of the Legation were those of omission, other American institutions erred, I am sure unwittingly, on the side of commission; this means in the first place Radio Free Europe and to a lesser extent the Voice of America.

In Vienna and later in New York I met several executives of R.F.E. and Crusade for Freedom, the parent of R.F.E., all of whom were trying to prove that what I had heard was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not so, that other West German stations, notably NTS, had been used by former Hungarian Nazi-fascists to confuse the Hungarians.

They claimed that R.F.E. was always helpful to the Hungarians and their brave attempt to free themselves from Soviet domination. But nothing they have said to date could change the notes I made while listening to R.F.E. in Budapest. These notes are confirmed by a set of instructions sent by its New York office to Munich and a set of "task reports" returned by Munich, most of them proving the very thing that we who had been there had been saying all along: that Radio Free Europe and to some extent the Voice of America greatly embarrassed the Nagy revolutionary government with their broadcasts by insisting on goals which by no stretch of the imagination that government could ever have reached.

R.F.E., in a letter to me enclosing the instruction sheets, said that it was merely relaying demands of "Hungarian freedom fighters." Who those fighters were we have no way of knowing. I have a great pile of newspapers, throwaways, and placards from Budapest issued by the revolutionary groups, begging the handful of extremists to stop all fighting, return to work, and give the Nagy government a chance to consolidate the gains of the victorious revolution. Meanwhile R.F.E. kept on broadcasting increasingly extreme and impossible demands from what it called "revolutionary groups."

Of course, it is quite possible that R.F.E. itself was misled by confusing voices reaching it from Hungary. Elementary precaution should have been taken, however, to establish the exact source of the transmitters that R.F.E. was quoting in its broadcasts.

A Matter of Emphasis

However, the major fault of R.F.E. was much more in the tone and emphasis of its broadcasts than in the words it used. When it rebroadcast excerpts from Ambassador Lodge's speech before the United Nations, it stressed over and again Lodge's sentence: "We shall not fail them" – meaning the Hungarian revolutionaries. The emphasis of R.F.E. was always strong on "American willingness, readiness, and eagerness to help" captive people to free themselves.

R.F.E. claims that it never promised help to the Hungarian rebels, which is true. Explicitly, no one said that military help would be forthcoming. But promises of all-out help were implicit in the broadcasts, and if the Hungarians understood that to mean military aid, the fault lies in the ambiguity of the broadcasts. Actually, military help was not wanted by the most responsible Hungarians, who did not wish to make a second Korea out of their country.

Heckling Nagy

R.F.E.'s behavior was particularly unfortunate in the fateful days from October 30 to November 4—the days that had seen the re-establishment of political parties, complete official exoneration of Mindszenty, Soviet withdrawal from Budapest, the announcement of a general election in January—in short the days when the revolutionary government swiftly went about establishing democratic processes in Hungary. The broadcasts heard in Hungary from R.F.E. were demanding that Nagy honor all its promises immediately, including the one he made about Russian withdrawal from Hungary. Nagy could only promise to negotiate for withdrawal, and the Russians agreed. But no one in his right mind expected that the Hungarian government could unilaterally nullify a treaty with the Soviets.

John MacCormac, in the November 25 issue of the New York *Times*, said that R.F.E. and the Voice were "merely mouthpieces" of American foreign policy, which in the last analysis was at the root of the whole trouble.

I agree with this view and have something else to add. The American personnel of R.F.E., so far as I have been able to judge them from brief meetings and discussions, are sincerely dedicated men, who under no condition would knowingly mislead or misinform people fighting for their freedom. But the American personnel of R.F.E. were just as unprepared as the State Department and the Legation in Budapest. These men could not help depending on Hungarian advisers, and among the advisers only those could be hired who, according to the prevailing security regulations, could be considered "safe."

The 'Safe' Employees

The R.F.E., like the Department of State and other public and private organizations dealing with Hungarian affairs throughout the years, has been so occupied with the question of security that it has to consider as safe only those who proved 100 per cent anti-Communist with no dissenting opinion even murmured. Any newspaperman who has worked in Europe can testify to the fact that during the postwar years the tendency has been to look with jaundiced eye on European liberals, progressives, and socialists—all considered, if not Communists, at least near-Communists. It so happens that former war criminals, escaped Nazis, double and triple agents, and dubious characters of all sorts have been counted as allies in our crusade against Communism.

OUR MANIA for security greatly contributed to a situation during the revolutionary days in Hungary when the United States did not know what to do or what to say or on whom to rely. It turned out that even those whose business it was to know Hungary had very little knowledge of what was going on there. This mistake is not likely to be repeated, but the price of the newly acquired knowledge has been immoderately high and has been paid entirely by Hungarians.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canadian Conventions: 'Un Homme Qui . . .'

G. GERALD HARROP

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

In the United Kingdom, from whose Constitution Canada's parliamentary system derives, party leaders are chosen by their followers in Parliament. In Canada, however, the parties select them in national convention. Since 1919, Canadian parties have held seven conventions for that purpose.

Of these the Liberal Party has held but two. In 1919 it chose a somewhat gray, if not dark, horse named William Lyon Mackenzie King to succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had been Prime Minister from 1896 to 1911. Mr. King went on to establish what is probably an unbeatable record of longevity as First Minister in any of the Dominions. A good case could be made for the opinion that Mr. King was the most successful politician that the Anglo-Saxon-descended democracies have yet produced. He had much more than mere survival power. When he laid down the reins of leadership in 1948 the Opposition was not only defeated but splintered into three main factions: the left-of-Center Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and the right-of-Center Social Credit Movement in the West, and the historic Conservative Party almost confined to an Ontario base. In Quebec and the Atlantic Provinces there was little opposition of any kind. The present Prime Minister, Louis St. Laurent, won in the Liberal convention in 1948 and led his party to even more decisive victories in 1949 and 1953.

During this period the Conservative Party held five conventions, changing its leaders six times and its name at least three times to try to meet the Liberal challenge. Its first convention, in 1927, selected a dynamic tycoon-lawyer, Richard Bedford Bennett, who had the misfortune to win the election of 1930 and become the Canadian Hoover. For five bitter, frustrating, hungry years he held on to power. The Conservative Party has not yet recovered from the electoral debacle of October 14, 1935.

In the last few weeks of his political life, Mr. Bennett set the pattern of expediency that has since been followed by his party. Turning from traditional Tory protectionism ("I'll blast my way into the markets of the world"), he set forth a New Deal-type program that was regarded as a deathbed repentance. This expediency did not consist in the espousal of the welfare state, which is not alien to British or Canadian Conservative traditions, but in a readiness to accommodate the party name, the party leader, and the party platform to the political needs of the moment. Canadian Conservatism has been traditionally based on a twin foundation—economic and emotional. The economic base was the "National Policy" (protectionism) and the emotional base an appeal to the British connection. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals provided an opportunity for their opponents to exploit both the economic and emotional aspects of their tradition in 1911 with their proposal for reciprocity with the United States. "No truck or trade with the Yankees" was the Conservatives' winning slogan that year.

The Ottawa Coliseum

Since 1935 the Tories have changed the official name of their party several times, to increase its voter appeal. Sometimes it has been called Liberal-Conservative, sometimes just plain Conservative, once (1940) it appealed to the voters by designating itself National Government, and since 1942 it has been the Progressive Conservative Party. At four conventions since the 1935 defeat it has chosen four different leaders. Another, Arthur Meighen, a former Prime Minister, was selected by the national executive during wartime when it was not expedient to call a convention. R. J. Manion, a Roman Catholic and half French, was named in 1938 to appeal to Quebec and Roman Catholic voters. In 1942 the party reached outside its own membership to bring in the Premier of Manitoba, John Bracken, whose longevity in his office rivaled that of Mr. King, but who called himself "Liberal-Progressive" and was usually considered a Liberal. It was at Mr. Bracken's insistence that the name of the party became "Progressive Conservative."

In 1948, a really "regular" Tory was chosen in the Premier of Ontario, George Drew. Drew fought the Liberals, unsuccessfully to put it mildly, in 1949 and 1953. Because of his real ability and growing skill as a parliamentarian and his recent efforts to formulate and expound a truly Conservative policy, it was a sad blow to the party when ill-health forced him to resign in the early fall of 1956. And so the Tories met in Ottawa's Coliseum, on December 12, 1956, to choose their new leader and, incidentally, adopt a platform.

From the foregoing it should be clear that Canadian conventions do not occur with regularity, but only upon the retirement of a party leader. The fact that the Liberal Party has held but one convention since 1919 is evidence of its success. This was the first televised convention, and it should be noted that the crucial moments were carried by the publicly controlled Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

At convention time it appeared that Tory fortunes were somewhat on the mend. The party has recently won the legislatures of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which gives them control of three provincial governments, including their ancient hold on Ontario. The keynoter, Robert Stanfield, newly elected Premier of Nova Scotia, exemplified by his presence, if not his oratory, this hopeful trend.

As in American conventions, early hours are spent on platform building, and the platform of the Canadian Conservatives resembles its Republican and Democratic counterparts in its comprehensiveness, the ubiquity of its promises, its inconsistencies, and the fact that nobody will pay much attention to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. But there is a difference. The convention refused even to take seriously an Eisenhower-type "partnership in power" proposal. The party, proud of its fatherhood of the Ontario Hydro-Electric System, stands for public power. And a lady delegate from northern Ontario complained of the Family Allowance payments for all children not because they are socialistic but because the Liberals get the credit.

One Has to Speak French

If there were any American viewers, they must have noticed at once that Canadian federal politics is conducted bilingually. An English-speaking and a French-speaking chairman share the platform. Announcements are made in one language and repeated in the other. And when you address the convention you simply must say something in French, even if it is of the *Où est la plume de ma tante* variety. Retired, retiring, aspiring, and accepting leaders are greeted by the strains of both "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and *"Il a Gagné Ses Epaulettes."*

This bilingualism demonstrates the Canadian political fact of life. Quebec is our "Solid South" and Quebec has seventy-five of the 265 seats in the House of Commons. As Ike woos the South, so the Tories seek to woo Quebec—a tough job because they are remembered as the exponents of conscription in the "English" wars of 1914 and 1939, a memory as bitter as that of Reconstruction.

About six Thursday evening, December 13, nominations closed. In the Canadian conventions there can be no U.S.-style "draft." Only names formally presented to the Nomination Committee by a certain deadline can be written on the secret ballot. Provincial and other sectional alignments are speculated about but never revealed. The candidate himself, as well as his mover and seconder, addresses the convention. When nominations closed in this convention, only three men had been nominated. They were John Diefenbaker of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; Donald Fleming of Toronto, Ontario; and E. Davie Fulton of Kamloops, British Columbia.

Diefenbaker, defeated at both the 1942 and 1948 conventions, was an easy victor. There was some effort by the press to make it appear a contest. There was talk of combinations to stop Diefenbaker. There was speculation about the possibility of attempting to draft some distinguished citizen from outside the parliamentary party like Dr. Sydney Smith, president of the University of Toronto. But Ottawa was just as cut-and-dried as San Francisco. No one doubted for a moment, ever since Mr. Drew's retirement announcement in early fall, that it was John Diefenbaker's year. This is not to say that there was no opposition to Diefenbaker in the party. Quebec wanted no part of him. And the tycoons of Bay Street (equals Wall Street) were said to prefer almost anybody else.

John Diefenbaker, who at sixty-one is a veteran of the Canadian House of Commons, sounds like Wendell Willkie using Everett Dirksen's voice. He has a reputation for liberalism and maverickism. For a long time now he has been the lone Tory M.P. from Saskatchewan, in which the species is almost as extinct as the buffalo. He gets elected in that province (which at the provincial level has been controlled by the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, Canada's socialist party, since 1944) not because he is a Tory but in spite of it. Thus there is something of the Eisenhower in Diefenbaker, too. He wears, he does not ride, the coattail.

Donald Fleming, of Toronto, is fifty-one. He looks something like Tom Dewey. He was the Taft of the convention. His was the authentic voice of Canadian Conservatism. He campaigned for the leadership as a Tory and proposed to fight the next election as a Tory. Fleming has mastered the French tongue. He had the enthusiastic support of the Quebec bloc of delegates. He made a fighting speech. It must have been rather sad for some of the older Tories to vote against him.

E. Davie Fulton, at forty, was the youngest of the candidates. In some ways he was the Richard Nixon of the convention—not in the controversial aspects of Nixon's record and personality, but in the "young hero" and "clean-cut Canadian boy" aspects. Elected to the House at the unbelievable age of twenty-nine—Canadians, like the Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Ko-Ko, prefer their politicians "sufficiently decayed"—Fulton has made himself master of its rules and, after Stanley Knowles of the C.C.F., is the leading Opposition authority on parliamentary procedure and protocol.

The Candidates

These were the candidates. Their names were drawn from a hat, to determine the order in which their movers and seconders, and they themselves, would address the convention. Even here "the stars in their courses fought" for Diefenbaker. He drew the third position and thus his nomination speech would climax the most exciting pre-balloting session.

It looked for one bright moment (bright from the viewpoint of the televiewers) that a bit of a hassle might develop. Mr. Léon Balcer, president of the party's national organization, spoke his "regret" that Mr. Diefenbaker did not see fit to honor the customary tradition of having a French-speaking Canadian propose or second his nomination. Diefenbaker's name was to be proposed by gentlemen who represent the eastern and western extremities of the country.

Mr. Fulton, who drew the post position, and Mr. Fleming both honored the tradition—"a man who" was followed by *"un homme qui."* The nominating speeches of the candidates' supporters faithfully followed the familiar American pattern of the rise from obscurity. This presented something of a problem for Davie Fulton's nominator, Mr. Murdock MacPherson, Q.C., of Regina, since Fulton's grandfather and great-uncle were both Premiers of British Columbia and his father sat in the House of Commons before him.

The candidates themselves were each given twenty minutes. They did not attack each other. They were all very much for things. The unity of the party itself and the restoration of the two-party system were stressed and thus the thoroughness of Liberal demolition over the last thirty years was demonstrated. Mr. Fulton, more than the others, provided the excitement of a little negative thinking. He described the Liberal government as "this dead hand that re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presses the latent energy of our people." He made the customary French bow.

Mr. Fleming spoke with force and fluency; his French passage was greeted with cheering and banner waving among the *habitants*. Fleming's emphasis on the need for the restoration of a kind of National Policy, in the place of our present dependence upon U.S. investment capital, evoked some memories of authentic Canadian Conservatism.

Diefenbaker's nomination speech could have served for his acceptance speech as well. Already he sounded like the leader, whose chief concern was the unification and inspiration of his party. He was careful to defend his choice of mover and seconder on the ground of their geographical remoteness from each other. Mr. Bennett, it seems, did the same thing in 1927 and Mr. Bennett, God help him, went on to win the election of 1930. His *belle langue française* passage was negotiated with pain and concluded with relief.

At approximately 10:45 P.M., on Thursday, December 13, the delegates filed out of the Coliseum, perhaps to the smoke-filled rooms of the Chateau Laurier or the Lord Elgin, but more likely (being Canadians) to bed. Balloting began the next day at 2:45 P.M. Canadian convention delegates vote by secret ballot and the result of each ballot is announced *in toto* only, not by provincial delegation. This detracts from the show. I longed to hear: "Quaint Quebec yields to sunny Saskatchewan." Nor is a prolonged contest, like that of the Democratic convention of 1924, possible. New names cannot be introduced. Candidates cannot seek to transfer their votes. The low man on the third ballot is automatically eliminated. Thus with three men running, the fourth ballot would be the last—if we were in a horse race. But all talk of subsequent ballots was academic. At about 3:30 P.M. the chairman of the Nominating Committee reported, in English and French, the decisive result of the first ballot: Diefenbaker 774, Fleming 393, and Fulton 117.

The finale could have been Chicago or San Francisco over again—with due allowance for our lower Canadian pressure. Mr. Fleming moved, Mr. Fulton seconded the motion that the nomination be made unanimous. The delegates rose, paraded (a bit), cheered (quite a bit), and waved banners (somewhat). Mrs. Diefenbaker was bedecked with roses. The one jarring note was the block of empty seats where the Quebec delegates had sat throughout the convention.

In his acceptance speech, Mr. Diefenbaker once again stressed party unity. He promised, in words that will hardly be fresh to Americans, a "national crusade."

Her Majesty's Opposition

The next Canadian federal election need not come until 1958. In our system the government of the day, barring defeat in the House, can

name the date, within a five-year limit. The present expectation is that the election will come this June. The Liberals want one more race out of Uncle Louis. The Prime Minister is about seven or eight years older than President Eisenhower and, it is rumored, about thirty strokes worse in golf.

Mr. Diefenbaker becomes at once the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. He gets a stipend some $17,000 in excess of the $10,000 paid the ordinary M.P., and a house in Ottawa provided by public-spirited citizens for the Leader of the Opposition. More important, he has an important function within the legislative process itself. This is something, if I may venture a smug suggestion, that the United States could use in its political system.

But to win for the Tories in 1957—that's another thing. Mr. Diefenbaker faces formidable obstacles. Tory gains are likely in Ontario and the Atlantic Provinces (except Newfoundland), but Quebec must be "cracked" and the anti-government vote in the splintered West united. And he faces Canada's Ike, Uncle Louis, and behind him, when he retires, a group of exceedingly able potential Liberal leaders, of whom Mr. Lester B. Pearson will be the most familiar to Americans.

Mr. Diefenbaker, moreover, faces a Liberal Party well tutored by Mackenzie King which will not hesitate, if it sees fit, to pass every politically popular plank in his platform before the next election, fortified by a budget surplus of some $600 million for the current year.

There wasn't much reference to the international situation in Conservative oratory. Parliament had just met in emergency session to pass money for the Canadian commitment to the United Nations Emergency Force. After a very brief bow to tradition on the part of some unreconstructed Tories who still believe that Canada's proper response to any British war is "ready, aye, ready," the House unanimously approved the St. Laurent-Pearson foreign policy. There is no mileage in foreign policy here either.

Considered as a show, the convention avoided some of the pitfalls of the summer conventions south of the border. Television and radio did not cover the routine sessions. We had few pundits and no hucksters. Some Canadians said that it was better that way.

THIS CANADIAN dissents. Our banners waved a little less bravely, our demonstrations were even more obviously contrived, and our alarm was viewed with a lot less passion. Among other very sensible, very Canadian things said by the keynote speaker, Robert Stanfield of Nova Scotia, was this: "There is no sadder spectacle than the politician holding office who truly believes his own propaganda." That, I submit, is almost pure Stevenson, 1952 vintage.

The times, after twenty-one years of "Liberal misrule" surely called for "How long, O Canada, how long?" Though we all wish John Diefenbaker well, the answer to that one seems to be: Quite a while yet.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ugly Battle Of Orangeburg

EDWARD GAMAREKIAN

Until the summer of 1955, the town of Orangeburg, South Carolina (population 17,600), was a quiet, peaceful place. According to the white townspeople, it was an outstanding example of biracial amity, interracial co-operation, and educational progress.

White Orangeburgers, having always "known" what Negro Orangeburgers wanted, never bothered to discuss the problem of segregation with them. Less than thirty-six miles away, in Summerton, Negroes had been carrying on a long-drawn-out legal campaign against segregated schools for the past six years and had won a historic Supreme Court decision, but white Orangeburgers did not see any connection between the situation in Summerton and that in their town.

Then it happened. On July 30, 1955, fifty-seven Negro parents petitioned the district school board "to take immediate concrete steps to reorganize the public schools on a non discriminatory basis." A banner-headlined front-page story in the Orangeburg *Times & Democrat* broke the news to white townspeople, who were shocked to discover that some of their Negroes opposed segregation enough to make a formal, legal protest.

According to the paper, "The petition stunned citizens who had taken pride in having pioneered in the equalization of schools and of teachers' salaries, and who were sincerely convinced that they had dealt fairly and intelligently with racial problems. . . ."

White Orangeburgers began at once to organize a Citizens' Council, which called a mass meeting at the local ball park. More than three thousand white townspeople came along to hear the town's leading political figures denounce the Supreme Court decision and call for pressure on Negroes disrupting the existing segregation pattern.

Elected permanent chairman of the Citizens' Council at this meeting was W. T. C. Bates, a local insurance agent and chairman of the county Republican unit. Most of the people there joined the Council that night. Under the leadership of Bates and Mayor R. H. Jennings, Jr., reprisals against the Negro petitioners, members of their families, and members of the local N.A.A.C.P. began.

Those who worked for white employers were fired. Those who rented from white landlords were evicted. Those who bought from white merchants and suppliers were denied further credit and asked to settle outstanding accounts at once. Some were no longer able to buy in some places, even for cash.

Mayor Jennings, who was the president of the Orangeburg Coca-Cola Bottling Company, the Palmetto Baking Company, and the Orangeburg Ice & Fuel Company, cut off the supply of Cokes, bread, and ice cream to three Negro grocers and a gas station owner who signed the petition. The Coble Dairy stopped the delivery of milk to these grocers and to all the petitioners on its home delivery routes. The owner of a taxi company was threatened with the loss of his Western Union delivery contract and his drivers were harassed by the local police. A Shell service-station operator was forced out of business by the owner-distributor.

Petitioners were refused new insurance policies. Immediate payment was demanded on loans and mortgages where agreements were oral or loosely drawn. Banks, loan companies, and individual lenders refused to give any further financial assistance. Teachers related to petitioners were threatened with the loss of their jobs when their contracts expired at the end of the school year. A few of the petitioners receiving welfare aid were told it would be cut off.

When the news got out that the Citizens' Council was offering $10,000 for the local N.A.A.C.P. membership list, the N.A.A.C.P. burned all its records. Anonymous threats were made against N.A.A.C.P. leaders by letter and telephone. Although the Citizens' Council spoke out frequently against the use of force and violence during this time, it continued to create an atmosphere of hostility in which violence and terror seemed logical to some.

By the middle of October, more than thirty Negroes had lost their jobs and twelve Negro businesses had been affected.

The Boycott Lists

Negro Orangeburgers did not sit back quietly. Incensed by the action taken against the petitioners, they retaliated, wherever possible, with the only weapon they had—the boycott.

When the mayor cut off the supply of Cokes, bread, and ice cream to the three grocers, Negroes stopped using the products of his companies. When the Coble Dairy cut off the supply of milk to the families of petitioners, they stopped buying Coble's milk and other dairy products. When Becker's, one of the better women's apparel shops, told a petitioner she would have to settle her account at once, Negro women began to trade elsewhere. Some started to shop in Columbia, forty-one miles away. Some began to order by mail.

Before long, boycott lists began to appear. The first one listed six products but was not distributed in large numbers. The second one listed nineteen. The third list appeared everywhere. It listed twenty-three names under the heading DON'T PATRONIZE THESE FIRMS—nine products and distributors, two building-supply companies, two clothing stores, two grocers, two drugstores, a dairy, an auto agency, a TV dealer, a theater, a laundry, and a five-and-ten.

Many townspeople, white and Negro, wondered how the boycott lists were drawn up, for some merchants very active in the Citizens' Council were left out. Local Negro leaders agreed but said, "We couldn't boycott the whole town. We listed the first, the worst, and the most vulnerable."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than half of the population of Orangeburg being Negro, the boycott was damaging. One grocer went out of business, the laundry closed its pickup station in the Negro section, and sales dropped off sharply. The Citizens' Council claimed that white people rallied to the support of those on the boycott list, but this support was not enough to offset the loss.

'This Is No Time for Prayer'

Some merchants, to counter what they saw as a "divide and conquer" tactic, closed ranks with those being boycotted. Nine building-supply companies joined the two on the boycott list in issuing a statement saying, ". . . we jointly and unanimously go on record as supporters of the Citizens' Council, that there will be no misunderstanding on the part of any citizens in this community. . . ." Pepsi-Cola, Royal Crown, and Dr. Pepper joined hands with Coca-Cola and refused to sell to petitioners. Southern Bread and the Claussen Bakery co-operated with the Palmetto Baking Company in cutting off the supply of bread. The West End Dairy joined Coble in refusing milk deliveries to the Negro grocers who signed the petition.

At this point, a state of excitement had been reached in Orangeburg that can only be described as near hysteria. Merchants who co-operated with the Citizens' Council were boycotted by the Negroes. A few who refused to co-operate or who tried to remain neutral because they had a large number of Negro customers were boycotted by the white people.

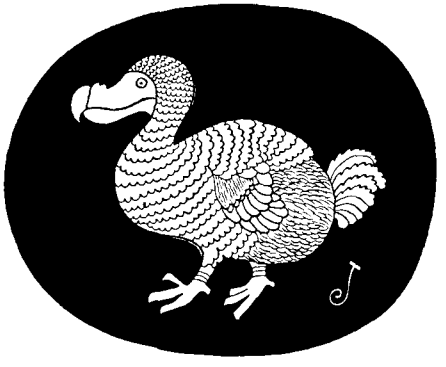
During all this, a Negro minister suggested to the white ministerial alliance that Negro and white ministers meet and pray together as a first step toward reducing the tension. The alliance replied, "This is not the time."

A Sad Tale for Winter

The withdrawal of petitioners after the reprisals began was a worrisome problem for the N.A.A.C.P. Each withdrawal was headlined in the local press. In October, 1955, the N.A.A.C.P. called a meeting of all the remaining petitioners and asked those who were vulnerable in any way to withdraw voluntarily. Several did so, including the grocers, those with large families, the schoolteachers, and those with teachers in their families. After this meeting, only twenty-six of the original fifty-seven petitioners remained, but this move stabilized the situation. From that day to this, only one petitioner has removed his name.

The fall and winter of 1955 were a difficult time for the petitioners in Orangeburg and those in nearby Elloree and Summerton, where similar reprisals were taking place. Local N.A.A.C.P. branches gave whatever assistance they could in locating jobs for those fired and living accommodations for those evicted. The Negro-owned Victory Savings Bank in Columbia made loans and picked up some of the loans and mortgages that were called, but it lacked sufficient available funds to meet the need adequately.

A call for aid went out to the nation through the N.A.A.C.P. and the Negro press. The national office of the N.A.A.C.P. deposited $20,000 in the Victory Savings Bank and earmarked it "for victims of economic pressure." A sum of $10,000 was deposited by the Prince Hall Masons, $6,000 by a Catholic church, $5,000 by the National Council of Churches, and $5,000 by the Congregational Churches.



Other appeals by magazines, newspapers, mail campaigns, radio, and individuals brought additional contributions of food, money, and clothing. A ministerial alliance in Philadelphia sent $1,800 and three tons of food. Several carloads of food were sent by the National Committee for the Rural Schools, whose chairman is J. Waties Waring, the former South Carolina judge who ruled out the white primary in the state. The Mayor of Youngstown, Ohio, proclaimed Sunday, December 18, as "Supplies to Aid Negroes in Dixie Day."

The aid was sufficient to take care of the immediate need.

The Whites' Christmas

During November and December, 1955, the Citizens' Council in Orangeburg tried to tighten the vise on the remaining twenty-six petitioners but had no success. Once the impact of the initial reprisals had been absorbed by these twenty-six and their families, they could not be pressured much further. They had found jobs, homes, loans, and sources of supply beyond the reach of the Citizens' Council, and the few things they could not get they learned to do without.

During this same period, the white merchants who had co-operated so wholeheartedly with the Citizens' Council began to chafe under the pressure of the boycotting Negroes on one side and a zealous Council on the other. The merchants on the boycott list began to worry when, as Christmas approached, the boycott continued unabated.

On January 5, 1956, President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union message, proposed an investigation of the Citizens' Councils and similar organizations: "It is disturbing that in some localities, allegations persist that Negro citizens are being deprived of their right to vote and are likewise being subjected to unwarranted economic pressure. I recommend that the substance of these charges be thoroughly examined by a bipartisan commission created by Congress."

South Carolina's two U.S. Senators and six Representatives rallied to the support of the Councils. They charged the President with "vote-getting, meddling, political hypocrisy and over-stepping." One said, "If such an investigation revealed there are reprisals, what could the government do about it? It's none of their business."

The Students Rise and Fall

In the early months of 1956, the state legislature adopted a series of pro-segregation and anti-N.A.A.C.P. measures. One, introduced by Rep-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resentative Hughes of Orangeburg, called for the investigation of N.A.A.C.P. activities on the State College campus that Hughes had threatened when the students gave their support to the town boycott. Students and faculty alike protested, passed resolutions, signed petitions, and held meetings. A short time later, Governor George B. Timmerman, Jr., ordered the State Law Enforcement Division to place the State College campus under surveillance because of "expected trouble from subversive elements." The student council called for a walkout in protest and the twelve hundred undergraduates quit their classes. Demonstrations were held on the campus during which Timmerman, Hughes, and the college president were hanged in effigy.

After four days, the students, with the promise of a discussion of their grievances on the one hand and the threat of expulsion on the other, returned to their classes. The promise was forgotten and the student council president was expelled. At the end of the school year in June, 1956, fifteen more students were expelled and five faculty members dismissed for their role in the boycott and walkout.

These moves broke the back of the student movement. When the legislative committee appointed to investigate N.A.A.C.P. activities on the campus began its task, it was assured by the president there was nothing left to investigate. The committee made a tour of the campus, held a perfunctory one-day hearing, and went home.

The Abatement of Mr. Bates

The battle of Orangeburg reached a turning point during the spring of 1956, about the time the students at State College staged their walkout. W. T. C. Bates, chairman of the Citizens' Council, suddenly resigned. The reasons he gave were poor health and the press of business, but other reasons were heard on the street corner. A Chamber of Commerce official said that Bates had become too dictatorial and that the merchants and suppliers who were feeling the sting of the boycott resented his pressure and interference. A Negro high in the state's Negro Republican organization said that the organization had refused to support the Republican candidates in the November election unless Bates, head of the Orangeburg Republican unit, stopped the reprisals against the Negroes in Orangeburg.

The resignation of Bates took some of the pressure off the merchants and suppliers who were anxious to win back the Negro trade they had lost, but they proceeded cautiously, for the Citizens' Council was still functioning. Some of them quietly made it known to N.A.A.C.P. leaders that they would again open accounts for petitioners. The local radio station, WTND, began to ask its listeners not to shop in Columbia but at home. The *Times & Democrat* stopped its editorial attacks against local N.A.A.C.P. leaders.

A NEW CRISIS threatened to develop when it appeared that many of the town's Negro schoolteachers would be fired as a result of the new state law barring N.A.A.C.P. members from public employment. To avoid a new flare-up, the teachers were required only to sign statements saying they would obey the laws of the state. There were no investigations or questions about N.A.A.C.P. membership.

To promote good will, the white townspeople included the Sunlight Club in the list of agencies that benefited from the town's first United Fund drive. The Sunlight Club is a private Negro welfare organization headed by the vice-president of the N.A.A.C.P. branch. Few if any white people contributed to its individual fund-raising drive in 1955.

Leaders of the local N.A.A.C.P. have repeatedly announced their readiness to meet with white community leaders to discuss ways and means of establishing better race relations but have been ignored. A group of them arranged a meeting a few months ago with the mayor, the city administrator, and the two town councilmen and proposed that a biracial committee be set up to study local problems. The mayor agreed to set up such a committee but has made no move so far.

When the South Carolina Council on Human Relations and the Fellowship of Reconciliation tried to organize local interracial groups to work on the town's problems, they too had no success. The few white people who might become interested under more favorable circumstances still fear the Citizens' Council and feel that "this is not the time."

Nobody Wants a Boycott, But . . .

While many of the white townspeople were anxious to end the boycott, some have shown no disposition to end reprisals against which the Negroes cannot retaliate. The petitioners still cannot get loans or financing from the local banks. No effort has been made to reinstate the students and faculty members dismissed from State College, and student activities on the campus are still restricted. Nevertheless, the reprisals have almost stopped and the boycott is gradually diminishing.

The basic controversy remains unresolved. Neither side is willing to compromise on the question of school segregation. The white people are determined not to desegregate and threaten to close the schools if the courts order it. The Negro people will not accept anything less. They have won important court decisions and see the segregation walls crumbling in the border states.

The one thing most white and Negro people do agree on, at this point, is that reprisals and counter-boycotts are not the way to solve the problem. Yet what other way is there in Orangeburg? If, at some date in the near future, it appears that a Negro child might step into a white schoolroom, who can say that the reprisals will not begin anew, leaving the Negroes with no alternative but another boycott?

However, the use of the large-scale boycott is not likely to spread in the future for at least two reasons. First, many ingredients are necessary and it is seldom that all are present in sufficient quantity in one place at one time. Second, Negro leaders are putting most of their time and energy into legal action, which they find more effective and more useful. To them, the boycott is a less satisfactory device and has limited advantages.

This does not mean, however, that the boycott will not be used when it seems necessary and useful. People looking for ways of maintaining segregation in their home towns would do well to ponder what happened in Orangeburg.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Shows: Three Runs, Three Hits, Whose Error?

MARYA MANNES

AN EXPANDING economy swells public tolerance. As far as the theater goes, certainly, this season's axiom might be that when everything is good, nothing can be bad. I am speaking specifically of three hit shows (I have not seen the fourth, *Li'l Abner*), all of which have only their stars to bless for their success, two of which could not have succeeded in any climate but one of bloat.

Patrick Dennis made Auntie Mame a very funny dame before Rosalind Russell sublimely took her over, but the book of the show—a hash of the novel—would scarcely have survived without her. *Happy Hunting* is, quite literally, nothing without Ethel Merman, who is everything that her special raucous ebullient genius should be. But the idea of the offbeat matron who wants her beautiful daughter to outdo Grace Kelly and then winds up with the royal bait herself is wholly bereft of freshness or wit, the dialogue is a waste of banality, relieved only occasionally by some heartily vulgar slapstick, the music and lyrics are singularly untalented except for two clever patter songs ("Mutual Admiration Society" and "Mr. Livingston, I Presume"), and the visual production—one of Jo Mielziner's few lapses—abets the show's essential cheapness with garish color and charmless form. It is Miss Merman's miracle that when she struts and bellows through this claptrap she makes you enjoy yourself. The producers wisely keep her onstage most of the time, but when she isn't the audience settles quite tangibly into a glaze of self-delusion fostered by the knowledge that they have paid twenty-five dollars for a hit show and by God, it must be good.

Bells Are Ringing cheats the consumer in a somewhat different way. The idea of involving an irresistible switchboard operator for an answering service in her subscribers' lives is a fine one, but the writers, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, have put no flesh on its bones and no red corpuscles in its blood stream. It is thin and half-baked, a sleazy job, with not one song to linger in the air or even to delight us for the moment. Here again, one woman brings warmth and talent and comedy to material that has little. And Judy Holliday's double miracle is that she inspires a unique kind of love because of a unique kind of gentleness, a quality so trampled by this strident age that you wonder what you've missed for so long. And if you strain to hear her little voice, you do not mind: It belongs to a peerless human being.

The Test of a Prosperous World

To compare these three hit shows (*My Fair Lady* is, for obvious reasons, a phenomenon removed from this argument) with shows like *Guys and Dolls* and *Pajama Game* is to indicate a state of recession that can be laid less to a lack of available talent—there must be plenty around—than to a deliberate exploitation of public prosperity. You hire a top star, you throw material together for her, and the expense-account boys are sure to buy it. There is just that much money lying around. It isn't that these musicals afford no moments of fun, but that they simply aren't good enough to deserve success.

Perversely, yet logically, the only new musical with any real talent is playing to half-empty houses. *Candide* has definite faults, most of which lie in its lagging pace and solemn periods, but it has the best new music and the wittiest lyrics and the handsomest production in town.

It is not surprising that Leonard Bernstein should write brilliant songs, or that poets and lyricists like Richard Wilbur, the late John Latouche, and Dorothy Parker should revel in words, or that a designer like Oliver Smith and a costumer like Irene Sharaff should feast the eye with sets so rich and imaginative, colors so rare and luminous, that the beholder gasps. It *is* a little surprising that a dramatist as brilliant as Lillian Hellman has somehow blunted Voltaire's cutting edge, that her sense of timing—so flawless in drama—should falter in this book; that there should, indeed and alas, be stretches of dullness, particularly in the first act, which flaps and strains like a swan taking off from a lake—so cumbersomely that you wonder if it will ever be airborne.

Yet for many moments *Candide* is airborne in one way or another—in the blessed literacy of its lyrics and playful complexity of songs sung beautifully by Barbara Cook's Cunégonde and Robert Rounseville's Candide; in the satiric dexterity of Max Adrian and the bawdy clowning of Irra Petina; and above all in Voltaire's twin glories of irony and unsentimentality. It is worth the price of admission just to bask in the civilized climate of astringency, to make fun of common attitudes, to juggle with heresy, to rejoin an adult world after exposure to the phony beatitudes of the fools in the "hit" musicals. The love songs in *Candide* could conceivably accompany a state of love; the love songs (ballads, they call them) in shows like *Happy Hunting* and *Bells Are Ringing* are nothing more than stale sops, soaked in verbal treacle, to the alleged audience appetite for "romantic interest."

YET *Candide* got a predominantly bad press and may not last long. Maybe a diet of chicken à la king is what our overfed public really prefers. Maybe they don't know what's good for them. One thing is sure: The theater chefs know what is good for *them*, and that is plenty of sauce to cover a starved fowl.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIES: A Child Bride, A Wide-Screen Globetrotter

ROBERT BINGHAM

We must not be too hasty in applying the general rule that whenever Cardinal Spellman denounces a movie it is sure to be a first-rate work of art. If you find this hard to believe, consider the case of "Baby Doll," which was written by Tennessee Williams and directed by Elia Kazan. His Eminence has declared that the picture will tempt those who see it into moral corruption; Mr. Kazan has drawn his cape about him and replied that all the picture does is tell the truth about life as it is lived. I found little temptation and less truth.

The picture concerns a wool-hat cotton-gin operator (Karl Malden) whose self-imposed impotence under the bizarre terms of his marriage to a retarded Southern girl (Carroll Baker) finally drives him to an act of sadistic and symbolic violence in setting fire to the plant of an efficient business rival (Eli Wallach). The swarthy rival, who stands for a way of life that is older and certainly more vigorous than the Southern, sets out to wreak his Mediterranean vengeance, and in the process elicits certain responses from the child bride that she had never accorded her nominal husband. (I find it difficult to understand how her behavior can be said to undermine the sanctity of marriage, since in this case there was no valid marriage to begin with.)

Puppets, Not People

The contrast between Sicilian vitality and Southern degeneracy is a familiar theme in Mr. Williams's plays, but this time the protagonists are such sketchy caricatures that the effect is one of farce rather than tragedy. They are puppets, not people. Whenever the Messrs. Kazan and Williams get together on a movie they don't seem able to resist any opportunity that presents itself to play for cheap laughs in the pit. Sometimes the clowning is effective, as I believe it was in "The Rose Tattoo," and serves to reinforce the serious things they have on their minds. But in "Baby Doll" the result is largely ludicrous and ineffectual.

I suspect that if Cardinal Spellman had not seen fit to order Catholics to stay away, as he has every right to do, it would have been a good deal easier for the rest of us to judge "Baby Doll" for what it is —a picture that is several cuts above Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender" but quite far below "A Streetcar Named Desire," another Kazan-Williams collaboration, and not even to be compared with their "Rose Tattoo."

Mr. Kazan has gone on record to the effect that the best way for the movie industry to pull itself out of the economic slump it has fallen into in the presence of competition from television is to bring out what he calls mature films. It probably set him up considerably to learn that the gross earnings of "Baby Doll" at the Victoria in New York were the highest in the theater's history for Christmas Day. I myself am quite sure that what made all those people

stand in line for the privilege of paying two dollars a seat was not Mr. Kazan's boasting about artistic maturity but the Cardinal's puritanical warnings about smut. And I was interested to read that the Roman Catholic priest who directs Great Britain's equivalent of our Legion of Decency fully recognized the decadence of the film's subject matter but found no reason why adults shouldn't see it.

'80 Days' in Three Hours

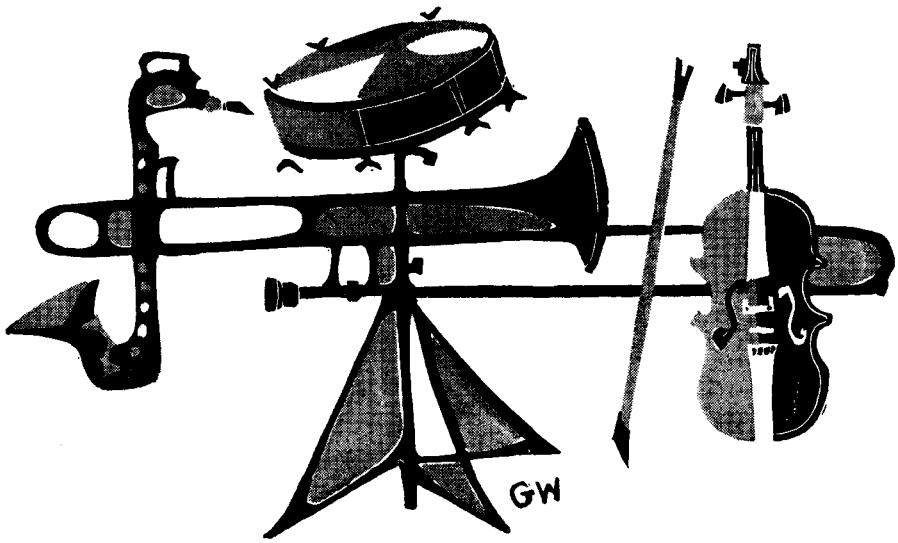
One movie that can certainly hold its own against anything television has to offer is Michael Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days." It's just about the most delightful way of spending three hours that I can think of offhand. At last the wide screen and full-color films have been used to make a picture that is worthy of them and appropriate to them. Considered only as a travelogue it leaves the choppy and pretentious inanities of Cinerama far behind. (The fields and châteaux of France looked down upon from the basket of a gas balloon had the entire audience ooh-ing and ah-ing the day I attended.) And what is more, it has all been superbly blended and steeped in S. J. Perelman's amiable script, which is good clean fun all the way.

As Phileas Fogg, the chap whose daring wager with the old fogeys at the Reform Club in London sets off the whole improbable jaunt, David Niven is so consummately British that he scarcely permits his mustache to twitch no matter what befalls him among the lesser breeds without the law. And the picture would be worth going to even if it did nothing more than give American audiences a chance to see the Mexican actor Cantinflas, who plays Fogg's faithful servant, Passepartout. Charles Chaplin has said that "Cantinflas is the world's greatest comedian," and although any comparison is certainly odious in that context, it is clear that Charlie was not just beating his gums.

As you probably know by now, the bit parts are handled by several dozen performers who normally get top billing themselves. I would single out Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who appears in the Indian footage as General Sir Francis Cromarty, truly a pukka sahib to end all pukka sahibs.

The only slight criticism I could possibly make of Mr. Todd's offering is that there are sure to be imitations of it, imitations that can't possibly be as good.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Stereo Sound Comes into the Home

ROLAND GELATT

A FEW DAYS before Christmas a stereo-tape player was installed in my home. With careful nonchalance I had prepared my wife for its arrival, stressing the point that this compact table-model job had been developed by RCA Victor for the ordinary home listener: There would be nothing unsightly about it at all. But when the equipment appeared and she realized that a stereo reproducer comprised *two* separate table models to be set eight feet apart (occupying, inevitably, the most conspicuous places in our living room), her disposition soured perceptibly. And when she heard it render a stereo tape of Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra* and comprehended that this equipment could envelop our living room with a reasonable sonic facsimile of a hundred-piece orchestra plus pipe organ, she turned on her heel and fled to the farthest room in the apartment.

Wives are like that, I'm afraid. But, to judge from present indications, a good many wives will have to make their peace with stereo-tape players during the coming year. A new phase of the high-fidelity boom is in the making.

There is nothing particularly novel in the concept of stereophonic sound. Sometimes it has been called binaural, or two-channel, sound; but the basic idea has never changed that two-eared listening is preferable to one-eared. I remember being enthralled in my teens by a stereo demonstration at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. A few years later, Leopold Stokowski and Walt Disney collaborated on "Fantasia," the first movie to utilize stereophonic sound. Since then, stereo demonstrations and sound tracks have become fairly common, but until recently the phenomenon has had to be experienced in public places. Equipment for stereo reproduction was extremely costly, and would-be purchasers were discouraged by the paucity of commercial stereo recordings. Now all that is changed. Stereo sound is ready to enter the American home.

Locomotives in the Living Room

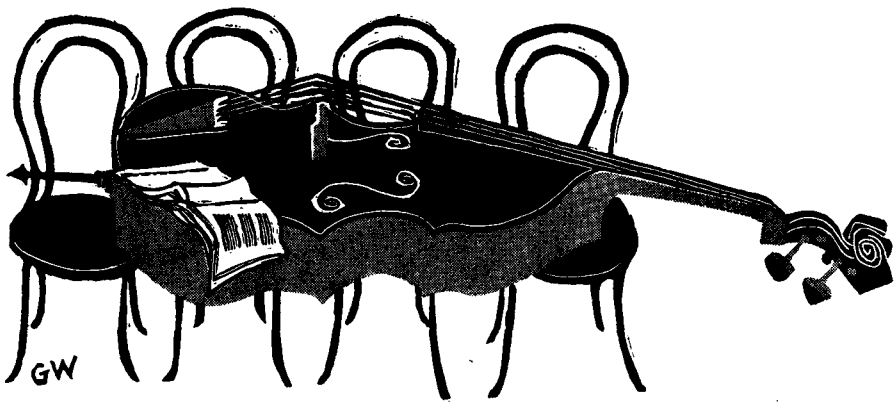
One-eared listening has become so habitual in this age of loudspeakers that most people are not even conscious of its existence. Anyone with normal hearing listens to a loudspeaker with two ears, of course, but the loudspeaker itself conveys a monaural image. Even if it reproduces the sound of a symphony orchestra from a dozen scattered microphone pickups, we hear everything from the same solitary source. Hearing with one ear is like seeing with one eye: Though the image may be clear and detailed, it is flat; contours can be apprehended but not spatial depth. In stereo reproduction an attempt is made to duplicate normal two-eared listening. Two microphones several feet apart are placed in front of the orchestra (or whatever is being recorded), and the sounds picked up by each microphone are recorded simultaneously on a reel of magnetic tape. This two-channel tape, or a copy thereof, is then played back through two separate amplifiers and loudspeakers, also placed several feet apart.

The resultant sound is nothing if not spatial in quality. RCA Victor proves this in a demonstration tape that comes with the new stereo players. It opens with a Ping-pong game, takes us to a country depot for the arrival and departure of a train, and then proceeds to an Air Force base so that we can hear a B-47 zoom by overhead. There is no doubt that the locomotive chugs in through one wall of the living room and out through the other. "So what?" the normal listener will ask. But the hi-fi fanatic, alas, is sure to derive unbounded pleasure from such simple auditory phenomena and will doubtless subject his family and friends to them without respite. Stereo tape and the lunatic fringe should get on well together.

FOR THE nonlunatic listener, fortunately, a large repertoire of music already exists on stereo-tape recordings. The largest producer to date has been RCA Victor, a company that clearly believes in a profitable future for stereo reproduction and in backing up its belief by issuing two-channel tapes of all important orchestral recordings. A well-stocked dealer can offer you RCA stereo tapes of sessions held in Boston under Munch, Monteux, and Fiedler, in Chicago under Reiner, and in New York under Stokowski —with Emil Gilels and Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz and David

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oistrakh among the soloists. Concert Hall Society, a subsidiary of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., has been active in Holland recording a well-rounded catalogue of stereo tapes that includes the Beethoven Ninth and Puccini's *La Bohème,* the first opera to be issued on stereo. Westminster, largest of the so-called independent LP companies, is beginning to issue stereo versions of new recordings under its Sonotape trade-mark; and several small firms—Atlantic, Concertapes, Livingston,



etc.—are getting their feet in the stereo door before competition intensifies, as it undoubtedly will. All major record companies, whether they admit it or not, are now making stereo tapes in anticipation of the moment when they choose to jump aboard the band wagon.

Distance and Definition

During the last few weeks I have been sampling stereo tapes assiduously. My attitude remains ambivalent. I am impressed by stereophonically reproduced music, but not entirely won over.

Its most immediately attractive aspect is a sense of spaciousness. I do not mean merely stereo's ability to localize instrumental choirs—the violins to your left, the double basses to your right. This it does, probably to an extreme. I mean rather the spaciousness of the over-all musical experience. One derives a wonderful sensation of distance; the orchestra is not immediately upon you, but seems instead to be on a platform at the other end of a large hall. There is a buoyant airiness and "lift" to stereo, as the sounds swirl freely about the room, that is unparalleled in monaural reproduction. In addition, stereo allows a complex musical construction to reach the listener with remarkable clarity, enabling one easily to sort out simultaneous lines and keep them in reasonable equipoise.

THESE qualities are all to be savored in the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a notoriously difficult work to record. The statement of the principal theme, *Allegro assai,* by cellos and double basses seems to come from far away, a hushed, mysterious murmur. Twenty-five measures later, a bassoon carries its musical message with superb distinctness over the billowing strings. Beethoven's texture remains finely detailed as his exposition proceeds and as more instruments and harmonies are added.

But the most compelling demonstration of stereo's powers comes with the entry of the vocal quartet and chorus. Even at its very best, single-channel recording jumbles up a large chorus badly: Definition deteriorates, the effect becomes fuzzy and unnatural. Stereo spreads the chorus apart, opens up the sound, clarifies every portion of the musical picture. In the *Alla marcia* section there is a tremendous climax employing the full complement of woodwinds and brass, a percussion battery of triangle, cymbals, and drums, and the entire string section, on top of which Beethoven prescribes a baritone solo and chorus of tenors and basses—and stereo allows all of this to be heard.

The sound of the Ninth issued by Concert Hall had such impact, indeed, that I was hardly bothered at all by the essentially routine performance of a Dutch orchestra and chorus under Walter Goehr's direction. The effect was akin to that made by the first FFRR discs which came from England right after the war. Some of those carried nondescript interpretations conducted by a musician named Sidney Beer, but the glories of the sound were such that one almost forgot the heavy hand at the helm. Stereo tape, momentarily at least, likewise seems capable of lowering one's critical resistance.

RCA VICTOR'S stereo tape of the Berlioz *Symphonie Fantastique,* played by the Boston Symphony under Munch, also shows off the new technique with startling pungency. The symphony is full of the widely spaced orchestral contrasts in which Berlioz delighted—a dialogue between English horn and oboe over low viola tremolandos, a deep organ point by cellos with flutes and oboes in ascending thirds above, a vigorous antiphony between violins on one side and violas, cellos, and double basses on the other. In each instance stereo highlights and intensifies the effect.

But it is not only highly orchestrated music that responds to two-channel reproduction. Sonotape's recording of *L'Histoire du Soldat,* a chamber work for seven instrumentalists by Igor Stravinsky, demonstrates that stereo is equally valid for certain smaller-scaled pieces. The clarity of this score is almost visual in its stereophonic embodiment. During the tango section, you will easily be persuaded that a violinist is occupying one end of your living room and a drummer the other.

The Cost of It All

The question then becomes whether you want these gentlemen, or the entire Boston Symphony, occupying the breadth of your living room, and if so whether you are willing to pay for their presence. Stereo is not cheap. The Victrola Stereo Tape Player that I have been using is a very adequate instrument for its size, but it costs $350, whereas an equivalent table-model RCA disc phonograph will run to only $140. More elaborate stereo installations can cost well over a thousand dollars. And the machine itself is only a be-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ginning; stereo tapes are not for the bargain hunter either. Victor's *Symphonie Fantastique*, for example, sells for $18.95; the same recording on LP lists for $3.98. Concert Hall's Ninth Symphony can be purchased for $23.90, Toscanini's on LP for $7.96. Stereo listening is clearly a luxury.

No doubt it will get cheaper. Tape-recording sales are mushrooming fast these days, but the business is still far from the mass-production stage. When RCA Victor finds buyers for forty thousand copies of an opera on tape, as it now does on LP, the price can obviously be lowered. Before that time, however, stereo tape may have been outmoded by a stereo disc that carries one channel in the trough and the other channel along the sides of the groove. Such a disc has been produced in a British laboratory. When and if it is perfected, the problem of getting stereo sound out of the luxury category may have been solved.

MEANWHILE, is stereo worth it at any price? My answer would have to be "Yes and No." Stereo sound is undeniably exciting and bracing, particularly in a grand panorama. The "*Scène aux Champs*" movement from the Berlioz symphony as reproduced via stereo tape is analogous to Cinerama's reproduction of the pigeons flying about St. Mark's Square. It is big—bigger than life, really—and undeniably stimulating, but it is not the sort of experience one wants to undergo every day. Nor is it essential to artistic re-creation. Just as Garbo's "Camille" is a fine work of art on a small, monochromatic screen, so is John McCormack's "*Il Mio Tesoro*" on a low-fidelity, monaural disc. Panorama is no substitute for genius. One might even go further and suggest that genius may well get lost in panorama.

Stereo tape, then, should by no means be considered yet as a substitute for the monaural LP disc. It is purely an accessory, a delectable savory. At its present stage of development, it can hardly be endorsed without reservations. But having known stereo sound in the house, I should now feel the poorer without it.

Even Their Best Friends Won't Tell Them

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

"THE BUSINESS of America," President Calvin Coolidge sagely observed, "is business." Since the tendency of history is to celebrate the celebrated, it is hardly surprising that we should have each year a large number of books on the history of business firms and businessmen. As time has allowed in recent years, I have been looking into this literature. It interests me as an economist; I must say at times it is even more fascinating as a clinical study in literary pathology. One finds oneself wondering how any form of writing could be so bad and still be published. The simple answer, of course, is that it wouldn't be except for extensive subsidies.

I started out to make this point two years ago in connection with the then current harvest of industrial histories and memoirs. One of the books was the history of the Norwalk Truck Line Company—*Trucks, Trouble and Triumph* it was called. One chapter, devoted to the president of the concern, was entitled "A Man's Man." "The Norwalk Truck Line Company," it proudly proclaimed, "has an almost complete lack of stuffed shirt atmosphere," adding, accurately no doubt, that for a firm of "considerable size judged by the standards of any industry, this fact is exceptional and important." It then went on to describe, in a wealth of gay detail, the hilarious goings-on at the annual birthday celebration for the president. There was nothing else in the book of equal importance.

Two more of the volumes in this collection were histories of railroads. One of these was built without difficulty through flat country and nothing worth recounting has happened to it since. The other did have some heavy grades.

A Tiremaker's Tiremaker

A fourth volume was the autobiography of Paul Litchfield, for many years the distinguished head of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. As a tiremaker, Mr. Litchfield would doubtless have conceded that the customer was a man of some importance who should be humored. As an author he simply ignored the consumer. His material was selected almost entirely with an eye to pleasing the writer. Following this rule, he dealt at some length with his family tree and told proudly of the mileage he had run up in his travels. Though he had something interesting to say about the early development of the rubber business, he omitted all mention of the history-making sit-down strike at Goodyear in 1936. For all one could tell from the volume, all through the 1930's Akron was as peaceful as a parish supper. There was only the merest mention of the great financial crisis at Goodyear in the early 1920's when the bankers moved in and the founding Seiberlings were thrown out: "I am not going into the bleak story of the Goodyear crash in any detail here. I would rather not go into it at all."

I do not want to be unfair to Mr. Litchfield, for I am citing him only as an example. The tendency

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to omit or play down unpleasant or controversial episodes is endemic in business history. But it is unfortunate, and if it had developed earlier it would have led St. John to delete all reference to the defection of Judas Iscariot and dismiss the Crucifixion with only the sketchiest mention.

Mr. Litchfield was also guilty of other common faults. He was somewhat too generous in his effort to explain the secrets of his own success, and some of his points lacked novelty. Thus he learned the old-fashioned gospel of "hard work, honesty, thrift, loyalty, courage, duty [and] honor" from Horatio Alger. Extensive tribute has previously been paid to the beneficent precepts of this philosopher.

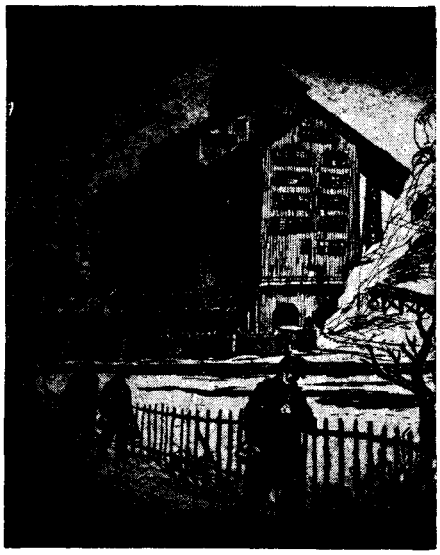
THE RESULTS of my last survey were so discouraging that I never got around to reporting them, but a few weeks ago I made another effort with the latest crop of business histories—a crop that had presumably been timed, remarkable though such optimism may seem, with an eye to the Christmas market. Represented in my sampling were examples of the three leading processes by which these works are produced. One was strictly a large-scale enterprise; editors, writers, and researchers had collaborated on the volume over a long period and at obvious expense. A second involved the collaboration of a businessman and a professional ghost writer. The third, a more exceptional case, was written by the author himself without any confessed literary assistance. (He had previously produced a couple of books, including a murder mystery, so it is fair to assume there was none.)

A Collective Disaster

So far as business history has faults that are more serious than others, it consists in being tedious, humorless, egotistical, self-serving, and selective in its neglect of interesting events and unselective in the mass incorporation of the rest. The first of these histories—the organization job—is important in at least one respect, for it incorporates the maximum number of these defects. The subject is the Standard Oil Company in 1911. (*The Resurgent Years: 1911-1927,* by George Sweet Gibb and Evelyn H. Knowlton. Harper, $7.50.) It follows an earlier volume on the old Trust; unless something can be done about it, another volume is yet to come.

Purely as an example of bureaucratic scholarship, the volume is impressive. No fewer than three forewords are required to take care of the various command echelons that supervised the writing—going up from the bottom there are first the authors, then the editor, and finally the sponsoring organization, the Business History Foundation, Inc. The book itself is a disaster. It is verbose, naïve, and dreary for seven hundred long pages. It is not entirely uncritical, but it might be better if it were. No one supposes that the men who founded Standard Oil or who were in control in 1911 were angels. The authors are deeply troubled by this. They are impelled endlessly to apologize and explain, and they also keep reminding the readers of the many crypto-subversives who were always around and ever so eager to make capital of their heroes' lapses. Business behavior, as they see it, is to be judged almost entirely by its bearing on public relations. And by proper public relations almost any behavior can be made presentable.

ONE CURIOUS result of this effort is that the historians of Standard of New Jersey, while they do not succeed in their impossible task of beatifying the heads of the post-dissolution company, do manage to make them seem phenomenally obtuse, which they also weren't. Thus in 1912, a year after the old Standard Oil Company had been dissolved, it developed that H. C. Folger, the head of Standard of New York, and John D. Archbold, the head of Standard of New Jersey (two of the succession companies), held between them in about equal parts ninety per cent of the stock of the Magnolia Petroleum Company, a firm that had been organized to take over the interests of the old Standard Oil Company in Texas. The public not unnaturally concluded that Standard of New York and Standard of New Jersey were still seeing eye to eye on many things, and specifically on operations in Texas.



The authors exculpate Folger and Archbold. These were their private holdings; they were entirely within the letter of the law. But they reproach the executives of the period for not foreseeing the public reaction and not explaining things better. "There is, indeed, . . . no clear evidence that Jersey Standard executives appreciated the necessity for giving the public information of any significance concerning the company and its operations." This is a gross slander on the intelligence of Archbold and Folger. Without doubt they knew exactly what they were doing and how the public would react if it found out. And they also knew the profound unwisdom of trying to explain what couldn't be explained. It is hard to suppose that as brilliant a business operator as Archbold would appreciate being pictured as such a nitwit.

Assorted Banalities

While the volume is at its worst in its effort to launder the business ethics of one generation to make them acceptable by the standards of the next, other subjects are handled with almost equal banality. Thus on technology, the reader learns: "As means were perfected for welding stronger tank seams, refiners began working with higher pressures." On the eighty-four-hour week: "There can be no denial that Jersey Standard and the rest of the industry were guilty of allowing primitive labor conditions to persist in some branches of the business." On a

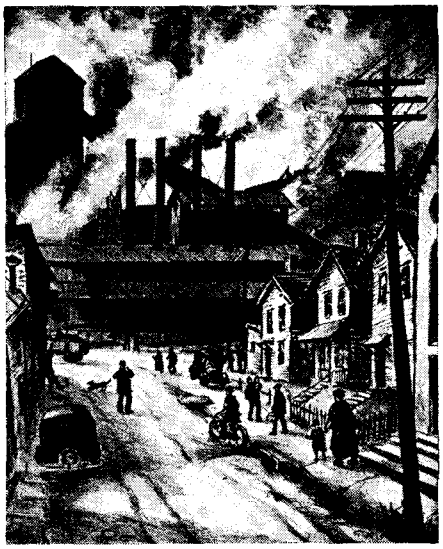
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strike at Bayonne: "[The directors] possessed confidential information which convinced them that the strike had been instigated by professional agitators. The nature and source of this information, unfortunately, are not disclosed . . ." On the First World War: "For almost three years Jersey Standard officers and directors surveyed the conflagration in Europe—not with aloofness, but with a fervent hope that, while flames might blister the fringes, the heart and center of the Jersey enterprise would escape the searing." On public relations *ad nauseam*: "In the field of public relations there had been sporadic indications from 1915 on, of a transition in Jersey's attitudes. By the end of 1917 these manifestations had multiplied to such an extent as to suggest to the casual contemporary observer that Jersey Standard was indeed about to embark upon a new and enlightened way."

So much for this misfortune. Possibly the authors are more in need of rescue than blame; theirs is the fate of actors who are caught up in a bad play. Given a chance, I am sure they would retrieve themselves. But one cannot sufficiently condemn the bureaucratic inspiration that lies back of such horrors, including probably, at some remote point, the company itself. Of all American corporations, the Ford Motor Company alone excepted, the Standard Oil Company has the most interesting personality. Radicals have always claimed that it would have much to answer for at the bar of history. As it now looks, they were right, but in a remarkably perverse way. Its penalty (after the next volume appears) could be to find itself the victim of the longest, dullest, and also one of the most inept corporate histories ever written.

Under Mr. Lambert's Breath

Of the two remaining volumes one would suppose that the prize would go to the book which the author wrote himself. According to the rules, that is the only way good books ever get written. However, Gerald B. Lambert's self-composed *All Out of Step* (Doubleday, $4.50) is far inferior as a business memoir to Charles E. Sorenson's *My Forty Years with Ford* (Norton, $5),



which was written with professional assistance.

This is not because Lambert writes badly or is lacking in things to talk about. He is articulate and he has something to say. Born to considerable wealth, he ran up an enormous debt at an early age trying to market lumber and grow cotton in Arkansas. This cured him of any addiction to what captious people might call serious productive enterprise. He proceeded to pay off the debt by inventing halitosis, making it a universal affliction, and putting the family pharmacal company into the business of curing it, or at least seeming to do so. (He also had the perspicacity to own the advertising agency that advertised Listerine so enormously, and he encouraged his own enterprise by a liberal award to himself of what amounted to stock options.) Mr. Lambert quit business in 1928 to put his fortune in tax-exempt bonds and, apart from a short tour as head of Gillette Safety Razor Company in the 1930's, devoted himself thereafter to good works and the enjoyment of life.

The trouble with the book is that the author is self-conscious about the way he made his money, and especially about halitosis. As a result he deals summarily and uninterestingly with this heroic attack on public credulity. (The best thing about halitosis, he seems to feel, is that it did repay a whopping debt.) Instead he deals at great length with his houses—these include a low-cost development in Princeton and a rather more expensive series for himself—yachting, public-opinion research, his family, and his travels. But these are not Mr. Lambert's claim to fame, much as he might wish they were. The line that made him immortal was "Even your best friend won't tell you." It is as though Lord Nelson had survived Trafalgar and confined his memoirs mostly to his subsequent gardening and his recollections of Lady Hamilton.

How It Really Was at Ford

The thing that makes Charles E. ("Cast-Iron Charlie") Sorenson's book so much better than the others is his intelligent conviction that the reader wants to know what really went on at the Ford Motor Company in the years of his service from 1905 to 1944. And Sorenson tells a great deal. His book will henceforth be a basic source for anyone who tries to understand Henry Ford, his company, the evolution of the assembly line, or the incredible Model T.

Sorenson confirms the view, strongly advanced by Allan Nevins, that the early success of the Ford Motor Company is to be attributed in great measure to James Couzens. Without his organizational ability the company would not have gotten off the ground or remained off. The phenomenal dealer organization he developed forced the pace at the factory and even forced the development of the moving assembly line.

Specifically, Henry Ford did not invent the assembly line. Nor did he have any developed view of the effect on mass purchasing power of the five-dollar day. His vision on both was manufactured much later by Samuel Crowther. It is possible that he could read a blueprint, but Sorenson makes it clear that he wouldn't. By the time of his death he had reduced the company to a near anarchy. To a remarkable degree Sorenson confirms the ineffable yarns of Harry Bennett about what went on at River Rouge before and after the death of Edsel Ford.

YET SORENSON did not set out to debunk the Ford myth, nor does he do so. In spite of everything, Henry Ford—the Henry Ford of the early part of the century—was the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indispensable man. The essential qualities are not so clear—stubbornness, a total absence of common caution, a kind of wayward imagination, all seem to have played a part. It is part of Sorenson's good sense that he doesn't try to be dogmatic on these matters.

Sorenson also has the sense to see what his story is about. He sticks to Ford and the Ford Motor Company. Although the book is in the form of an autobiography, he dismisses his marriage with a sentence, his house with a single photograph, and he doesn't go into his personal philosophy at all. No businessman, however notable, has any right to suppose that he arouses any public curiosity as a husband, an architect, or as a social philosopher. (No tycoon would be much interested in Alfred North Whitehead's business deals, if any.) Sorenson is one of the first to sense this simple fact. Business literature will improve enormously if he has started a trend.

A country that sets as much store as we do by business should have a decent business literature. This should include thoroughly informative and candid histories of firms as interesting as Standard, Lambert, and Ford. The hideous shortcomings here cited can no doubt be traced, in part, to the soft critical standards that are applied to such books. When bad, they have either been ignored or they have been applauded much as the autobiography of Babe Ruth was applauded—it wasn't much as literature but pretty good for the Babe.

But there is another reason why this literature is so bad. It is heavily subsidized either in production or in publication or both. As businessmen themselves have been known to point out, this can lead to bad results. If Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) did not need to consider the reaction of the customer in running its refineries, its gasoline would be no better than its books. I am certainly not suggesting a market test for all history. But as long as this literature is produced in total indifference of the reader and in total neglect of his highly defensible curiosity as to what really went on, then it will be awful. Of the books discussed here, only Sorenson's bears the marks of a clear determination to produce a marketable product. It is no accident that it is by far the best.

Paradoxically, it also seems certain that it is the best for the company it talks about. Sorenson tells of some bizarre and grisly happenings in and around Detroit. But he leaves one with the impression that the Ford Motor Company is a vivid and interesting place with a marked personality. No one would now be discouraged by the book from going there to work or to buy a car. In the improbable event that any imaginative youngster reads the pasteurized history of Standard Oil, he might well be attracted elsewhere for employment and conceivably even for his motor oil. «»

A Mencken Blunderbuss

ROBERT BENDINER

A Carnival of Buncombe, by H. L. Mencken. Edited by Malcolm Moos. *Johns Hopkins Press. $4.50.*

For those who revel in H. L. Mencken's prose and take his politics lightly, this volume, culled almost entirely from his Baltimore *Evening Sun* contributions, offers a good measure of boisterous enjoyment. Treated mischievously and at length are "Lord Hoover," "Dr. Coolidge," and "Roosevelt Minor," a "vindictive fellow, despite his Christian Science smile. . . ." Here, too, are "Wallace the moon-calf" and Tugwell "in his studio with busts of Wat Tyler, Marx and Heywood Broun

looking down," not to mention a chorus of "bughouse professors, sweating fourth-dimensional economics."

As a prophet, or even as a simple commentator on the political species, Mencken gave his readers what might have been lethal doses of misleading extravagance had they read him for guidance rather than for lustiness of spirit. His predictions were often as wishful as they were always forthright. In the spring of 1928 he thought Al Smith's chances "very good"—primarily because his opponent was "one of the most transparent and vulnerable frauds in American history." Three years later, long after the explosion of the national economy, he could write that "Barring acts of God of a revolting and unprecedented character, Mr. Hoover is almost as sure of reëlection next year as he was of election in 1928." And in July, 1936, he suggested that if Dr. Landon would stick exclusively to the need for economy in government, the chances were "very good" that "the Rooseveltian Rendezvous With Destiny will turn out, in November, to be a rendezvous with a bouncer."

Second Thoughts on Coolidge

In so far as Mencken espoused any political doctrine, it was a hopeless and sophomoric combination of fancied Jeffersonianism and a scorn for the processes of democracy, particularly in those rural aspects which Jefferson most revered. In a strange eulogy of Calvin Coolidge, whom he once characterized as "a dreadful little cad," he fairly tripped over his own paradoxes. "Wrapped in a magnificent silence, his feet upon his desk," he wrote, Coolidge "drowsed away the lazy days. . . . And while he yawned and stretched, the United States went slam-bang down the hill." But it was this very snoozing,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he thought, that accounted for Cal's popularity, for "The American people, though they probably do not know it, really agree with Jefferson: they believe that the least government is the best."

After working up an engaging contempt for this soporific approach to government, "full of dangers" as it was, Mencken concluded, nevertheless, that there was much to be said for Mr. Coolidge's *Weltanschauung:* "We suffer most when the White House busts with ideas. With a World Saver preceding him (I count out Harding as a mere hallucination) and a Wonder Boy following him, he begins to seem, in retrospect, an extremely comfortable and even praiseworthy citizen. . . . a man who really did the nation some service" by reducing government to its simplest terms.

Had there been anything consistent about Mencken's political beliefs, it would be safe to suppose that Eisenhower would rate the same sort of tribute, but as in Coolidge's case he would no doubt have to wait for his obituary to enjoy it. In the meantime the judgment on his Administration, as on Coolidge's, would probably be that it was "full of innocent snores," with serious problems left as far as possible to evasion, "as a sensible man evades an insurance solicitor or his wife's relatives."

Certainly the Sage of Baltimore would not have been inhibited from such a judgment by the kind of trumped-up reverence for the Chief Magistrate that has come to color our political life. Without ever sounding the hysterical note of a Pegler in pursuit of Roosevelt, or the scolding vindictiveness of a David Lawrence pecking away at Truman, he applied a bracing astringency even to those he favored. Preferring Harding, on balance, to Cox, he proclaimed his support thus: "After meditation and prayer of excessive virulence . . . I conclude with melancholy that God lays upon me the revolting duty of voting for the numskull, Gamaliel, on the first Tuesday in November."

If the father image had any place in the politics of those days, Father got the worst of it, and, innocent of Freud, the Republic never seemed to mind.

George Orwell, A Cricketer's Christian

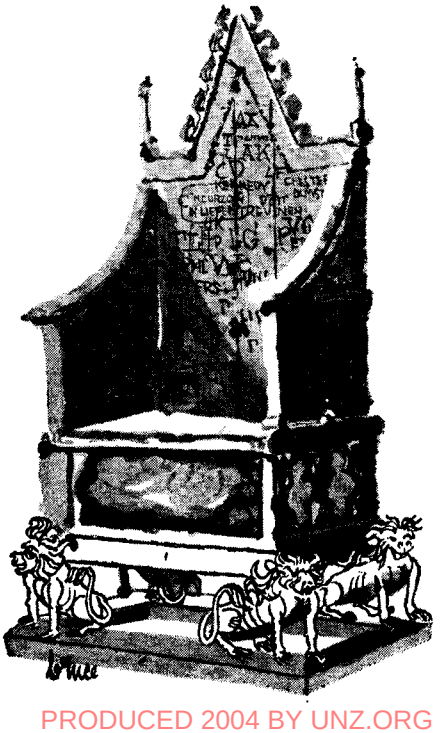
SANDER VANOCUR

George Orwell, by Christopher Hollis. *Regnery. $3.75.*

The Orwell Reader, with an introduction by Richard H. Rovere. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.*

George Orwell asked that no biography of him be written. Yet since his death, seven years ago, three books about him have been published. Another is reportedly being prepared by Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch.* In one sense, Orwell's request has been respected. None of the books thus far have been formal biographies. Like his predecessors, Laurence Brander and George Atkins, Mr. Hollis claims that his book is a criticism of Orwell's writings and ideas. Despite this disclaimer his study is somewhat biographical. It is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. Orwell was a very biographical writer. He told us a great deal about himself in all his writings.

If his writings had been confined to the production of novels, we would be forced back upon speculation in any discussion of Orwell as a human being. Fortunately, he was more than a novelist; he was also a critic, journalist, essayist, and political pamphleteer. He was never obscure. Whether his ideas were right or wrong, you knew what they were. And because he cared very much how the English language was used, his views were set forth in a bold and simple way.



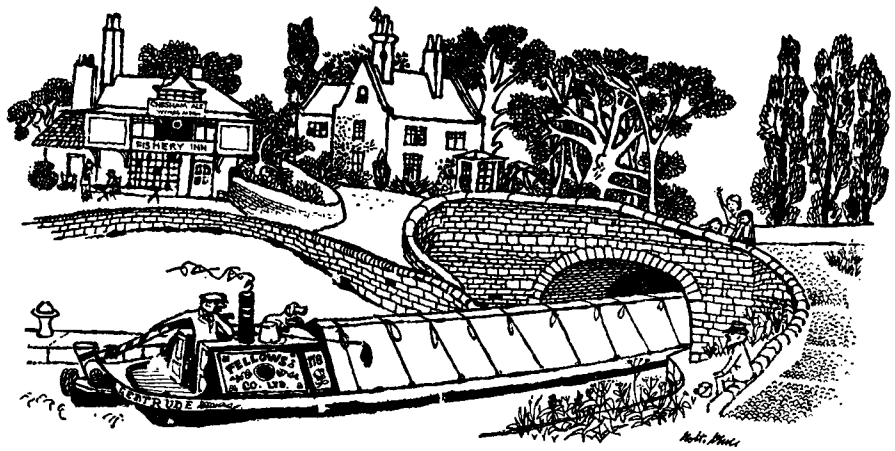
Yet when all this is granted, there still remains the central problem for those who write about Orwell. What can one say? Mr. Rovere, in his introduction to *The Orwell Reader,* confesses that he found it "rather awkward" to explain, in 1956, Orwell's chief service as a writer. A student of Lionel Trilling's solved the problem by the simple yet profound observation that Orwell was "a virtuous man."

Mr. Hollis, a Conservative Member of Parliament, who first met Orwell at Eton, must have been faced with the same problem. He resolved it, at least to his own satisfaction, by approaching Orwell from a religious point of view. This is not too surprising, for Mr. Hollis is a devout Catholic.

Orwell was not a practicing communicant of any religion. We know, in fact, from his essay "Such, Such, Were the Joys" that after the age of fourteen he gave up a previously unquestioning belief in God. Mr. Hollis does not try to prove that Orwell was a true believer without knowing it, or that he was about to accept religion in the latter part of his life. His primary aim seems to be an effort to prove that Orwell refused to follow his own analysis of modern life to a proper conclusion—acceptance by mankind of a belief in personal immortality.

Orwell evidently had thought about this problem during his life. In his essay on Arthur Koestler, he wrote that religion offered human beings an escape from the problems

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



of the world. "The easy way out," he wrote, "is that of the religious believer who regards this life as preparation for the next." If religion could not be accepted, then the real problem was "how to restore the religious attitude while accepting death as final." For Mr. Hollis, such an answer is not enough. He argues that in a world where death is accepted by "both sides" (O'Brien and Winston Smith, in *1984*), then the final word must belong to O'Brien, who is single-minded and certain while Winston Smith is torn by faith and doubt. In his chapter on *1984*, Mr. Hollis asserts: "The essential of the past—the essential belief of Man ever since he has become Man—has been his belief in God and in some form of future life where in some way the injustices of this world will be corrected. . . . On that faith, the achievement of Man has been built." Such an assertion is, of course, as much a product of faith as of reason, and this is not the proper occasion for a full examination of it. Mr. Hollis is perhaps on firmer ground when he claims that our society is unique among societies in the small regard it pays to religion.

The Love of Flowers

Orwell was aware of this. In 1944, in the Socialist weekly *Tribune*, he wrote: "There is little doubt that the modern cult of power worship is bound up with the modern man's feeling that life here and now is the only life there is. . . . I do not want the belief in life after death to return, and in any case it is not likely to return. What I want to point out is that its disappearance has left a big hole and that we ought to take notice of the fact. . . . One cannot have any worth-while picture of the future unless one realizes how much we have lost by the decay of Christianity."

Orwell never explained what he meant by "the decay of Christianity." Mr. Hollis might like us to believe that he was talking about a decline in the belief in God and in personal immortality. But Orwell was probably talking about something else when he invoked the word "Christianity."

The English people are not very religious, but they are very Christian. Is this possible? Orwell was sure it was. In the essay "England, Your England" he wrote: ". . . The common people are without definite religious belief, and have been so for centuries. The Anglican church never had a real hold on them, it was simply a preserve of the landed gentry, and the Nonconformist sects only influenced minorities. And yet they have retained a deep tinge of Christian feeling while almost forgetting the name of Christ."

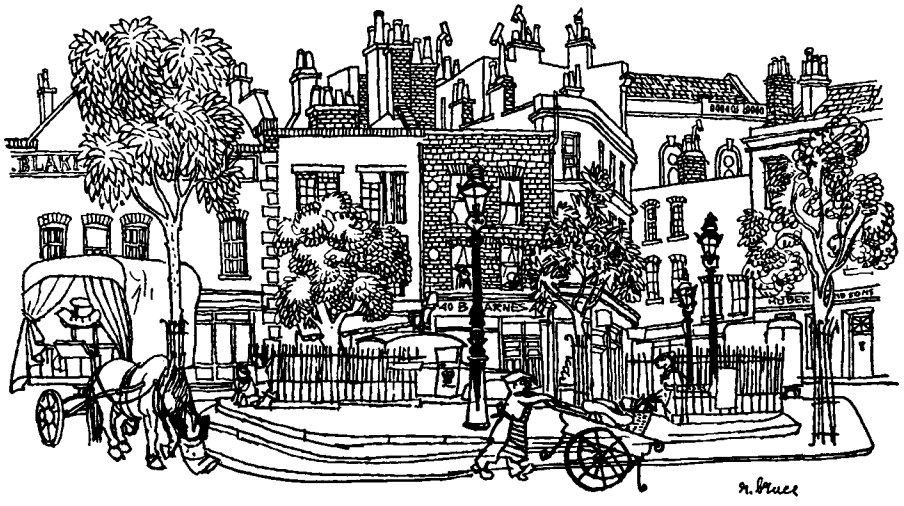
We cannot be sure what Orwell meant by "a deep tinge of Christian feeling." He may not have known himself. It is one of those things that are said with the assumption that everyone will know what it means, like a person saying, "That man is a Christian soul," or "They are a very Christian people." We can only suppose that Orwell was thinking of the virtues of the English people, their gentleness, sense of privacy and basic honesty, their love of flowers, the liberty of the individual, and their sense of the things in life that are done and the things that are not.

Now all these things may not sound like Christian virtues to the practicing Christian, but in Orwell's view they went a long way toward making up a Christian sense of life. Orwell himself was a living symbol of many of these virtues, so much so that it has become quite common since his death to speak of him as being some kind of saint.

Old England

Mr. Rovere maintains, with considerable vigor, that Orwell was no saint. Orwell would have surely agreed, for he was the man who wrote: "Saints should be judged guilty until they are proved innocent." Yet saint or not, we understand what is meant when the word is applied to Orwell. We can respond to the comparison. We can agree that he was "a virtuous man."

The virtues we find in Orwell may not be so much Christian as English. They are virtues that come from the England that existed just before the



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First World War. We are constantly being reminded by Orwell's writings that he was somewhat archaic, almost old-fashioned, a person whose attitudes were formed in a world that can hardly be remembered by those who lived in it and even less by those whose knowledge of it has come from books.

In his novel *Coming Up for Air*, a tenderly written account of life in England before 1914, Orwell recalls that world:

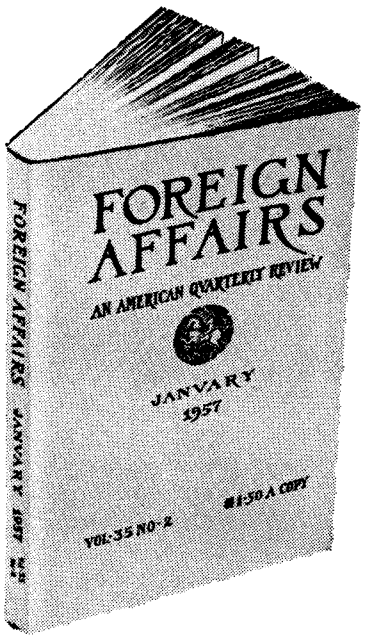
"It's quite true that if you look back on any special period of time you tend to remember the pleasant bits. That's true even of the war. But it's also true that people then had something that we haven't got now. What? It was simply that they didn't think of the future as something to be terrified of. . . . The Old English order of life couldn't change. For ever and ever decent God-fearing women would cook Yorkshire pudding and apple dumplings on enormous coal ranges, wear woolen underclothes and sleep on feathers, make plum jam in July and pickles in October, and read *Hilda's Home Companion* in the afternoons, with the flies buzzing around, in a sort of cozy little underworld of stewed tea, bad legs and happy endings."

Orwell may have been overly sentimental about all this, but he believed sincerely that there was something good, moral, and honest about the people he had known in England as a child. He knew what had been lost in the passing of the pre-1914 world and the change that had come about in human beings when it vanished. It was this change he must have had in mind when he wrote his essay "Raffles and Miss Blandish" in 1942. It is a pity this essay has not been included in *The Orwell Reader*, for it tells us as much about Orwell as anything he ever wrote.

The character of Raffles, in Orwell's view, was a symbol of the life of crime in the pre-1914 world. Though he was a thief, Raffles recognized there were things even a thief could not do. He was also a snob but he had his virtues. He "played the game." He never killed anyone (unless he happened to be a foreigner), he paid homage to the Queen, and, most important of all, he played cricket, the rules of which are the British equivalent of the Ten

Facts you need—
opinions you respect—

FOREIGN AFFAIRS



AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW
Now in its thirty-fifth year

At this time, when the United States is making momentous decisions in foreign policy, more and more Americans are turning to FOREIGN AFFAIRS for help in understanding the political, social and economic currents affecting men's thoughts and actions all over the world.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS has one aim only—to provide the most expert opinion procurable on the problems of American foreign policy. It stands alone in its field, without rival either in the United States or abroad.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS is read by the heads of governments, foreign ministers and party leaders, by businessmen and bankers, by professional men and women, by our officials in Washington and in posts abroad; it is used in the professor's study, in the classrooms of universities and in libraries; it is quoted in the newspapers, and referred to in scholarly journals and debates in Congress.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS commands this following and awakens this interest because of its unvarying standard of reliability and authority, and because its editorial direction gives it sound historical perspective in combination with the most timely interest.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS will provide you with facts which you want and opinions which you respect. Mail the coupon below and see for yourself why the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote that **FOREIGN AFFAIRS** offers "the most competent and responsible leadership which this country has developed in the foreign field." Every issue as big as a book.

in the current issue

RECONSTRUCTION OF AN ALLIANCE	Geoffrey Crowther
THE WEST IN DISARRAY	Paul-Henri Spaak
THE CRISIS IN THE SOVIET EMPIRE	Henry L. Roberts
WESTERN COMMUNISTS ON THE DEFENSIVE	A. Rossi
FOREIGN POLICY IN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS	Dexter Perkins
BRITAIN AND THE COMMON MARKET	Roy Harrod
NUCLEAR PLENTY AND LIMITED WAR	James E. King, Jr.
SOVIET ECONOMIC GROWTH	Calvin B. Hoover
AMERICAN POLICY AND THE SOVIET ECONOMIC OFFENSIVE	Willard L. Thorp
SOUTH VIET NAM FINDS ITSELF	William Henderson
TOO SLOW OR TOO FAST? POLITICAL CHANGE IN AFRICAN TRUST TERRITORIES	Vernon McKay
THE SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE IN ITALY	Ugo La Malfa
"THE UNANIMOUS REVOLUTION"—RUSSIA, FEBRUARY 1917	Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart
THE DECISION TO USE THE ATOMIC BOMB	Louis Morton

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
SAVE $2.50

We will enter a year's subscription for *new subscribers* at the reduced price of $5 (regular rate $6). In addition, we will include the current issue, described above, FREE, or five issues for $5.00 instead of four issues for $6—in all a saving of $2.50. Offer good for a limited time only. Use the order form at right.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS
58 East 68th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Enclosed is $5.00 (special introductory rate) for a year's subscription to begin with the next (April) issue. As an extra bonus, I am to receive at once the current (January) issue without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

R-13

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commandments. In short, Raffles was a gentleman, with all that the word signified in England at another time, a gentleman who died as a gentleman should, fighting in the Boer War.

No Gentlemen, No Taboos

Forty years later, England was absorbed in a different kind of book about crime, James Hadley Chase's *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, which created a sensation during the Second World War. In comparing Raffles to *No Orchids*, Orwell notes with sadness that in the latter, great emphasis is placed on sexual sadism, brutal murder and the extensive practice of cruelty. He finds only one motive active throughout the book—the pursuit of power. Raffles, he claims, was governed by certain powerful taboos and it was clearly understood that he would have to pay for his crimes sooner or later. The reverse, Orwell finds, is true in *No Orchids*. The implication here is that the strong will triumph over the weak and that the pursuit of power by murder and terror is accepted without question as "realism."

Orwell admits that Raffles has no moral code, no religion or social consciousness. "All he has is a set of reflexes—the nervous system, as it were, of a gentleman. Give him a sharp tap on this reflex or that (they are called 'sport,' 'pal,' 'woman,' 'King and country,' and so forth) and you get a predictable reaction. In Mr. Chase's books there are no gentlemen and no taboos. Emancipation is complete. Freud and Machiavelli have reached the outer suburbs.

"Comparing the schoolboy atmosphere of one book with the cruelty and corruption of the other, one is driven to feel that snobbishness, like hypocrisy, is a check upon behavior whose value from a social point of view has been underrated."

Orwell never thought that England could return to the conditions that made Raffles possible. Nor did he want it to. But he reminds us that the old society, with its hypocrisy and inequality, was at least an arrangement of life where morality, decency, and "playing the game" were accepted as the norm for personal behavior.

It must have been this that Orwell was thinking of when he wrote during the Second World War that the English people "retained a deep tinge of Christian feeling." Yet he knew that it was passing from English life. He had watched the process begin in 1914 and continue during his life. It may not have been as bad as he believed it to be. But he felt that something had gone out of English life that not even a Socialist society could ever bring back. Indeed, he constantly irritated his fellow Socialists by reminding them that even a Labour government would fall somewhat short of creating the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth.

When we speak of Orwell it is necessary that we remind ourselves about his sense of the past. Because of *Animal Farm* and *1984* Orwell is commonly spoken of as a writer whose chief service to his generation was his understanding of the modern world, the world of totalitarianism and terror. But his brilliance about the present world and the possible future one sprang from his sense of what had ended with the First World War.

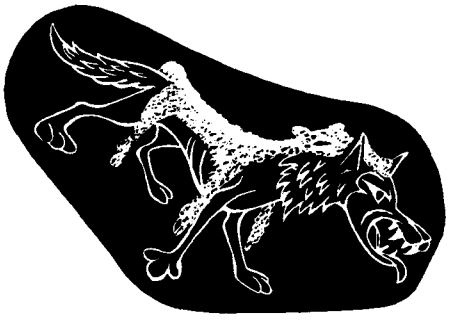
By his very existence—by his honesty, integrity, and decency—Orwell reminds us of a kind of thought and behavior that we find strangely missing from our lives. It is a measure of his greatness as a human being and as a writer that he gives us pause to muse on how quietly these things have passed from us and how much we have lost by their absence.

Jack London's Literary Lycanthropy

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

JACK LONDON'S TALES OF ADVENTURE. Edited by Irving Shepard. *Hanover House. $4.95.*

The trouble with Jack London was that he wasn't sure whether he was a man or a wolf. As we reread the essays, reportage, novel excerpts, and short stories served up in Irving Shepard's generous anthology of his uncle's writings, the animal and human worlds are always flowing into each other. London purported to be a Socialist, but his "war of the classes" is less Marxian than Darwinian (via Spencer). Captain Wolf Larsen in *The Sea Wolf* studies philosophy and leaps with a snarl at a disobedient sailor. In "Bâtard," one of several first-rate Alaskan short stories, the French-Canadian master



bares his fangs as often as his ferocious dog. When Ernest Everhard (the name itself absurd as a comic-strip hero's) boldly makes a speech before a millionaires' club, prophesying the eventual seizure of power by the Socialist Party, "A low, throaty rumble arose . . . token of the brute in man, the earnest of his primitive passions. And they were unconscious that they had made this sound. It was the growl of the pack. . ."

Van Wyck Brooks has perceptively pointed out that London's literary lycanthropy is revealed by the author's obsession with a key word. He signed many of his letters Wolf, called his home Wolf House, and dedicated a collection of stories "To the daughters of the wolf who have bred and suckled a race of men." It was no accident that *The Call of the Wild*, the story of a civilized dog who reverts to his savage primordial state, is told so convincingly through the mind of the beast.

The Beast in Us—on All Fours

The call of the wild is of course nothing new in American letters. We hear it as far back as James Fenimore

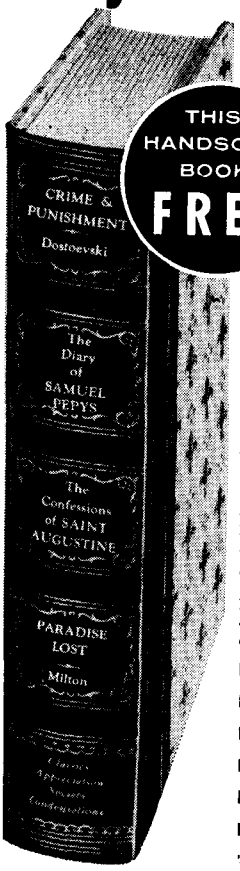
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cooper, it echoes from the forest primeval and from glamorized Indians, it sounds with variations from Emerson's pulpit and Thoreau's flute and Whitman's barbaric yawp. But whereas these earlier writers were saying, "Civilization is a fig leaf, the savage is noble and innocent and good," by the end of the century the terms had changed somewhat—civilization was still a façade but the underlying reality was no longer described in idealized terms. Now, civilization was—to vary the metaphor—a necessary cage to contain the beast, but the beast in man was what was "real" in him; what contained him was "unreal." Mid-century, Darwin had happened. Romanticism had become Realism.

Shortly before Jack London was populating the literary landscape with werewolves, Frank Norris wrote a novel called *Vandover and the Brute*. In the crucial scene, the hero finally gets down on all fours and howls. We've had a lot of writers who've been getting down on all fours ever since. This notion that reality is something you descend to is common to all schools of American writing, from the most scented to the toughest leather-jacket boys. Tennessee Williams's deluded ladies are always being rudely confronted by reality in the person of anthropoids who grunt according to Stanislavsky or have roses tattooed on their barrel chests. Even in so sophisticated and rarefied a novel of the 1930's as Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*, we find the heroine, on the last page, crawling about, whimpering, barking. Perhaps "Zoologism" might serve as the next textbook term.

OF COURSE, one gets into difficulties setting up hierarchies of the Real. I have never been able to understand why gazing at the stars is any less "real" than going to the bathroom. The rock bottom of one generation is the quicksand of the next. In Jack London's day the root ideas seemed to be the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest and economic determination and class struggle. But no artist can be a prisoner of this kind of theorizing. He must deal with total, living human experience, not abstracted causal chains. His people must act out of will, not react to ideational

Did you ever read a great "classic" ...just for fun?



IF YOU LIKE GOOD BOOKS and enjoy reading them, I ask yourself this plain question: How long is it since you've read a great classic . . . *just for fun?*

Too long, perhaps. But now we have wonderful news for you.

Here, at last, is a way to know and *enjoy* the world's greatest books—to get to the heart of them *quickly* and with the greatest of *pleasure*. The secret consists of brilliant book *condensations* prepared for modern readers, by modern literary experts. This new idea in reading, sponsored by the Classics Appreciation Society, has already enriched the lives of thousands of families, students, and book-lovers all over America.

FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER: To show you how to "have fun" reading the great classics, the Society now wants to give you ABSOLUTELY FREE—its current 4-in-one Condensed Volume. You get CRIME AND PUNISHMENT by *Dostoevski* (a profound novel of sin and redemption, which is also a breathtaking detective story!) . . . plus *Samuel Pepys* amazingly frank DIARY; St. Agustine's CONFESSIONS, and PARADISE LOST by *Milton*. In addition, 3 complete shorter works, plus an illustrated HOME APPRECIATION COURSE, all in one 536 page richly bound book.

With your gift book you will also receive, on approval, the Society's next 4-in-1 volume, in matching binding. You may keep it for only $2.95 plus shipping. Other monthly packages are yours at the same low price. There is no minimum purchase; *you may stop whenever you wish.* Keep the introductory volume in any case.

But this generous trial offer can't be kept open for long. To get your Free Volume, send coupon at once.

◀ Morocco grained simulated leather binding, stamped in pure gold.

Classics Appreciation Society, Dept. RE-1
2 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Send Condensed Volume and Home Course described above—FREE. Include on approval the next volume and course, which I may keep for only $2.95 plus shipping. Each monthly 4-in-1 Volume and Course will cost only $2.95 plus shipping. I needn't accept any minimum number of books; I may stop whenever I wish simply by notifying you.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Zone.....State.....

Classics Appreciation Society is a division of Grolier Society, Inc., publishers since 1895

EUROPE

Young Adults tour: 20 Countries again including Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and North Africa
In Europe June 24-Sept. 1
By air, all expenses, $1315

Also 12-country tour: 60 days (wider age group) $1140

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia—Pasadena, California

GIVE YOUR DOCTOR A CHANCE

400,000 Americans, leading active lives today, are living proof of the fact that cancer can be cured if detected in time. Give your doctor a chance to give you this protection by having a physical checkup every year of your life. This should include a chest x-ray for men; for women, a pelvic examination. Make it a habit . . . for *life.*

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

NOW - Science Gives You A Short Cut to Learning

Learn *Anything* Faster — more easily with The DORMIPHONIC Memory Trainer

It Works for You . . . Awake or Asleep

Now, at last, science shows you how to learn by "ear." With this amazing new method—you *"start"* to learn while you're awake—then university-tested Dormiphonics takes over, *continues the learning process for you while you sleep.* Do you want to learn a language—Memorize a speech—or an array of important facts, figures, formulae? You can do it—easily, quickly in a FRACTION of the usual learning time. Even more—you can correct your speech, break bad habits—even induce sleep—with this tested new science of Dormiphonics. SAVES YOUR TIME, YOUR EFFORT. So simple children benefit—so helpful and practical it is used by educators, psychologists, people of all ages, occupations and professions all over the world.

Break Down Barriers to Learning

Find out HOW the Dormiphonic Memory Trainer works FOR YOU—how it can help you learn in less time, *without* intensive self-application.

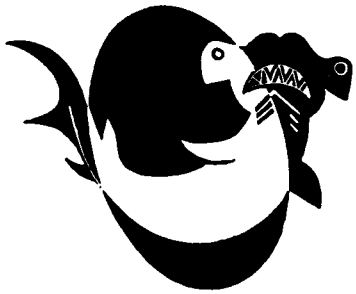
Write for FREE Book, "A New Dimension in Learning," or call for FREE DEMONSTRATION—Get the Scientific Evidence *Today.*

MODERNOPHONE, INC. **CI 7-0830**
164-017 Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE Booklet. I am interested in learning more about the DORMIPHONIC Memory Trainer and what it can do for me. No obligation—no salesman will call.
☐ If under 18, check here for Special Booklet A.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....
My main interest in Dormiphonics is for:
☐ Learning a Language ☐ Speech Improvement
☐ Memorization ☐ Sleep Inducement
☐ Habit Correction ☐ School or College Work

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulls. There is nothing deader than a crumpled puppet after the theory-master has gone home.

JACK LONDON was a potentially good artist who was spoiled by trying to be a thinker. Because he wrote so



much so badly, most modern critics are unwilling to believe that he wrote anything at all well. But amidst the mass of pulp laced with "ideas" (like science fiction today) there are a few novels—*Martin Eden, The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf* —that are still immensely readable, and a greater number of short stories whose depiction of action and landscape is as good as Hemingway's.

"In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forelegs and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. . . ." Here are the basic diction and the unself-conscious repetitions that seemed, twenty years later, to be such fresh prose-narrative inventions. Indeed, the best of the short stories—"To Build a Fire," "The Seed of McCoy," "The One Thousand Dozen"—contain passages as clean, muscled, and evocative as anything the great fisherman has reeled in.

We mustn't, I think, overlook this perpetual best-seller's genuine gifts: his energetic blend of realism and romanticism, his frontiersman's love-hate for nature as the magnificent enemy. We don't easily forget the O. Henry-like irony of Rasmunsen's agonized struggle to get his one thousand dozen eggs through the frozen Arctic wasteland up to Dawson, only to find, after an epic victory, that his eggs have gone bad. After which, the man, calmly and without drama, hangs himself.

Confusion and Doubt

So, Martin Eden, after achieving the success as an author for which he had struggled, finds that his victory has lost its savor, and commits suicide. The cause of London's own sudden death at the age of forty, at the peak of his fame, is still debatable. For, with all the strident energy and male chest-beating, London's last years seem to have been desperately

streaked with doubt. This handsome romantic figure who was a living legend in his own day—self-taught oyster pirate, whaler, Alaskan prospector, hobo, ardent Socialist, war correspondent, author of eighteen novels, twenty volumes of short stories, seven books of nonfiction, the highest-paid author of his time—this man must have known that he was selling himself short, that whatever latent talent still remained had become hopelessly cheapened.

Ill-digested theory curdled his native gift of art. Marx, cross-fertilized with Darwin by an ex-sailor uncertain of his own ancestry and of the values by which he lived, resulted in strange hybrids: the gray-eyed, black-haired Socialist talked more than he should have of blue-eyed, blond-beastly Anglo-Saxons who were the "salt of the earth," the "royal race" destined to be served by the "swart-skinned peoples." The oligarchs of the Iron Heel were the enemy who ground down the virtuous poor. But when they had completely mastered the people, during their three centuries of dictatorship preceding the Brotherhood of Man, the oligarchs ". . . will have time to spare for other things. They will become worshippers of beauty. They will become art lovers. And under their direction, and generously rewarded, will toil the artists. The result will be great art; for no longer, as up to yesterday, will the artists pander to the bourgeois taste of the middle class. . . ." Yet the working class represents the "deeper impulses" that must eventually prevail.

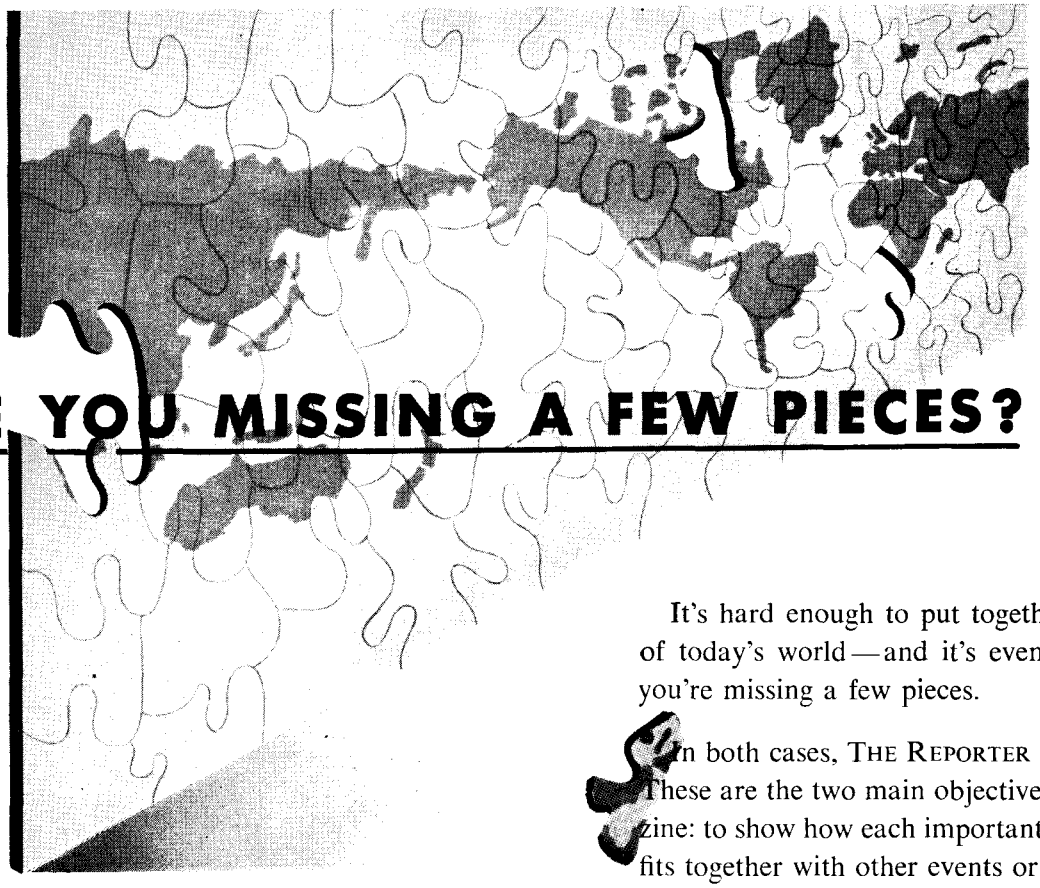
SO JACK LONDON, rich, famous, eager for adventure and combat, was most racked with doubt and contradiction when he was shouting the loudest. And just as Martin Eden, his autobiographical hero, commits suicide at the very crest of conquest, so Jack London, the evolutionist, was appalled at the "inevitable" victory of Jack London, the revolutionist.

An essay entitled "Wanted: A New Law of Development" concludes lugubriously: "When the common man's day shall have arrived, the new social institutions of that day will prevent the weeding out of weakness and inefficiency. All, the weak and the strong, will have an equal chance for procreation. And the progeny of all, of the weak as well as the strong, will have an equal chance for survival. This being so, and if no effective law of development be put into operation, then

progress must cease. And not only progress, for deterioration would at once set in. . . ."

It is a problem that could only have occurred to a werewolf who had just read Chapters Three and Four of *The Origin of Species.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARE YOU MISSING A FEW PIECES?

It's hard enough to put together the picture of today's world—and it's even harder when you're missing a few pieces.

In both cases, THE REPORTER can serve you. These are the two main objectives of the magazine: to show how each important event or issue fits together with other events or issues, and to supply the missing parts you may need to complete the picture.

Every two weeks, THE REPORTER puts the pieces together. Whenever necessary, THE REPORTER finds the missing parts. Time after time, these stories of the missing parts have won the acclaim of outstanding news commentators all over the country. Disclosures like the China Lobby, Wiretapping in America and "The Purgers and the Purged" have gained THE REPORTER a reputation as a unique new voice in American journalism.

More and more of America's best-informed people are relying on THE REPORTER for this kind of creative journalism. You'll find your understanding of events immeasurably enriched when you rely on THE REPORTER. So don't be satisfied with a "puzzle picture" of your world. Put it together and put it in perspective by reading THE REPORTER regularly.

Do you enjoy THE REPORTER? Don't you think your friends would enjoy it too? They'll appreciate THE REPORTER so much, and it will cost you so little to give when you avail yourself of our special introductory rate:

The next 18 issues for only $2.67

If you haven't yet subscribed to THE REPORTER, you may take advantage of this special offer too. Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order, so mail the card today. You need send no money; we will bill you later, if you prefer.

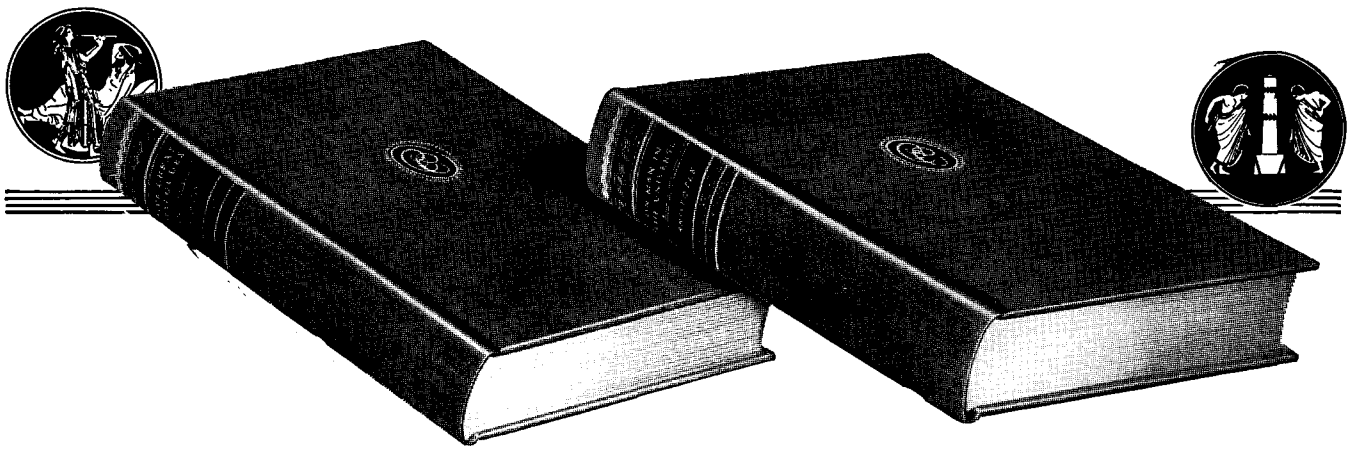
Regular rates: 1 year $5, 2 years $8, 3 years $10
Add $1 per year for Foreign Postage

THE REPORTER
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH FREE TO NEW MEMBERS

...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium,* and the *Republic.* ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays—*Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics,* and *Poetics.* These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free,* as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

Walter J. Black, President LL
THE CLASSICS CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books Shipped in U.S.A. Only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

Zone No.
City.....(if any)....State.....

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections. *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these three ways: 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops and are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books which you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of PLATO *and* ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED